



The Monitor

A Campus Collective

Truman State University's only source for thorough coverage of community issues, student affairs, politics and culture

LAP presents AIDS Walk and Bandfest 2000

Proceeds to help bring the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt to Kirksville

story by | Joe Rothermich

The Lifestyles Advocacy Program (LAP) is sponsoring the 2000 AIDS Walk and Bandfest. The event takes place this Saturday, April 8. The activities begin with the AIDS Walk, which starts on the Student Union Mall, goes through downtown and finishes back on the mall. The Bandfest starts at 9 p.m. and is being held at the Theta Psi Barn on Osteopathy.

Tickets for the walk cost \$3. You can purchase the tickets at the LAP table that will be set up from 11 a.m.-2 p.m. everyday this week in McClain Hall and Mainstreet Market. The tables will have condoms and information packets on AIDS.

Tickets for the Bandfest can be purchased at the doors of Theta Psi for \$4. The Bandfest will feature bands from St. Louis and Kansas City. The True Men will also be performing.

LAP is looking to raise \$3000-5000 in an effort to bring the AIDS Quilt back to Kirksville.

The quilt's last appearance in Kirksville was four years ago.

The AIDS Quilt was started in 1987 by Cleve Jones, a gay rights activist, in honor of his friend, Marvin Feldmen, who died of AIDS. Jones painted Feldmen's name on a three- by six-foot cloth. Jones's idea caught on quickly, and thus the AIDS Quilt was born. The quilt was first displayed in October of 1987 during the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights and consisted of 1,920 panels.

Today the quilt consists of over 26,000 panels, each one created in memory of someone who has died of AIDS. Each panel created by friends and family reflects the life and personality of those who have died. Each panel also measures 3 by 6 feet, the same size as a human grave.

The entire quilt, which covers almost 20 football fields, is displayed annually in Washington D.C.

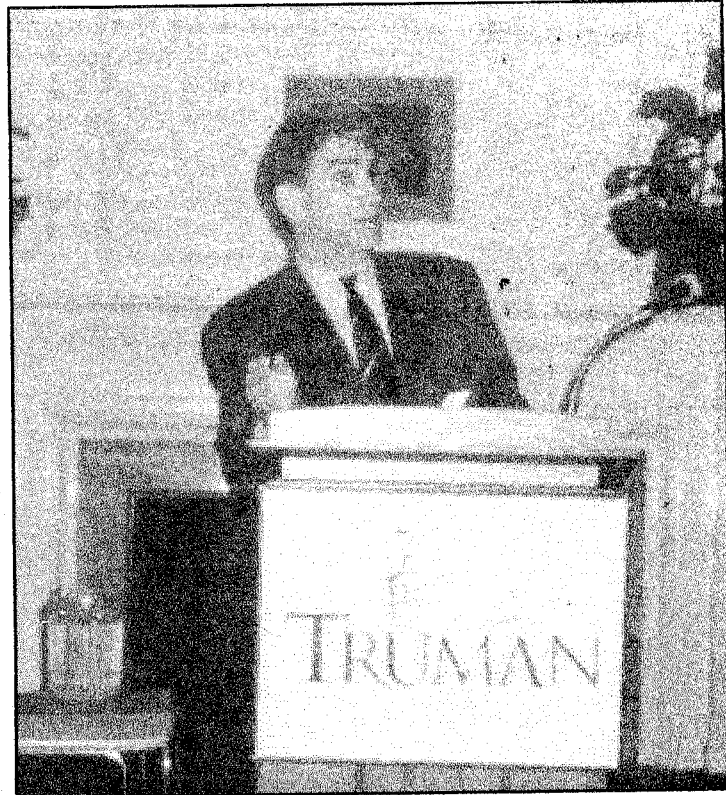


photo by Matthew Webber

Poet Laureate and Distinguished Visiting Scholar Robert Pinsky reads his poetry in Ryle on March 21.

Monitor apologizes for offensive feature

As Truman State University's "alternative" newspaper, *The Monitor* has always attempted to provide the campus with an alternative voice -- a voice that is oftentimes less formal, more controversial, more critical of the University and less censored than those of other campus media.

The Monitor has always tried to give a proverbial voice to the voiceless -- a voice to those objectionable views that could never find a home in more traditional campus media.

We have always tried to walk that invisible line between good taste and bad, edgy and over-the-top, funny and offensive.

In the last edition of *The Monitor*, we tried to walk that line again -- and failed.

At the time of publication of the March 21, 2000 edition of *The Monitor*, the editors thought the "Tweak Your Mind" (a recurring question-and-answer feature modeled after the *Index*'s "Speak Your Mind") was, while objectionable, a semi-humorous parody of the administration. We knew it would prob-

ably offend some members of the campus community. However, taken in the context of previous "Tweak Your Mind" features (equally informal, only slightly less objectionable), we thought the majority of our readers would find it to be either hilarious, silly or stupid.

Most readers found "Tweak Your Mind" to be neither hilarious nor silly, but rather, stupid. In bad taste. Over-the-top. And offensive.

More so than with any previous *Monitor* piece, we crossed that invisible line with this.

The Monitor apologizes to President Magruder, his family and any other members of the campus community whom we offended.

We regret not erring on the side of caution and realizing the implications such a feature would make. Contrary to what such a feature implies, *The Monitor* has the utmost respect for President Magruder.

The author of "Tweak Your Mind" in-

cluded Magruder's name in his question only because he is the most visible member of the Truman administration. ("The man," as he quoted one student as saying.) His target was the administration, not President Magruder, but this distinction is meaningless when one considers the total lack of respect the question implies.

We should have considered these implications, and for not doing so, we are sorry.

The opinion expressed in "Tweak Your Mind" belonged only to the author, not to the staff as a whole. (There really is no "direction" of *The Monitor* other than to give a voice to those who wish to express it. Those who write for each issue construct that issue's "tone.")

While *The Monitor* has used profanity in the past, we have never done so as blatantly as we did in this feature.

We apologize for our offensive language.

We admit we were wrong to include this feature in our newspaper.

**Special 20
page
issue!**

**April Fools
insert
inside!**

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Dobson radio turns four years old. Feature, page 6.

Christians can write for *The Monitor*, too. Opinion, page 4.



The administration tells students to keep off the grass. Opinions, page 8.



The Monitor

Campus Collective
Independent Quality Since 1995

Volume 6, Number 13

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The Monitor is published every other Tuesday. Each writer is responsible for his or her own work.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m. in OP 218.

Subscriptions are available to out of towners - you just pay for postage. Send a check or money order for \$7 to the address above for a semester's worth of Monitors. That's really cheap, huh?

"Among people who have learned something from the 18th century (say, Voltaire) it is a truism, hardly deserving discussion, that the defense of the right of free expression is not restricted to ideas one approves of, and that it is precisely in the case of ideas found most offensive that this right must be vigorously defended. Advocacy of the right to express ideas that are generally approved of is, quite obviously, a matter of no significance."
-- Noam Chomsky

UPCOMING EVENTS

International Club in association with SAB is sponsoring International Week, Mon. April 3 through Sat. April 8

Tuesday, April 4: Study Abroad Fair and International Student Office Open House, 2-4 p.m., Kirk Building hallway. Irish Dance Workshop, 7:30 p.m., Ryle Main Lounge.

Wednesday, April 5: Open Mic Night at Java Co., 8-10 p.m., Washington Street Java Company.

Thursday, April 6: Rugby Demonstration, 4:30-6 p.m., Rugby Field. Co-sponsored by Truman State University Men's Rugby Club. Trois Pretendants... un Mari, French play with English translations, 7 p.m. SUB Down Under. Co-sponsored by the French club. Soccer (Football) Match, 8-9 p.m., Rec Center All-Purpose Gym.

Friday, April 7: Spa Night, 4-6 p.m., Ryle Main Lounge. Hypnotist, 7 p.m., Baldwin Hall Auditorium. Sponsored by SAB. FREE to Students with ID. \$2 for General Public. Kissing Around the World, 8:30 Baldwin Hall Auditorium. Sponsored by SAB. FREE to Students with ID. \$2 for General Public.

Saturday, April 8: Cricket Workshop, 3-5 p.m., Rec Center All Purpose Gym. Reggae Dance and Refreshments, 8-11 p.m., Ryle Commons. Co-sponsored by the Coalition of African American Women.

Come to all the events and qualify for a raffle drawing to win a prize given by the International Club and SAB. (Prize is free tickets to SAB concerts and International Dinner next semester.)

Phi Beta Sigma Frat. Inc. sponsors

Sigma Stroll, a walk-a-thon at the fountain on April 4, all day. And Sigma Slam, a basketball tournament, April 8 from 12-6 p.m. Proceeds from both go towards a minority scholarship fund for Fall incoming freshmen.

LAP presents AIDS walk 2000: The Fight against AIDS - A Common Thread. Sat., April 8 from 2-4 p.m. Fountain on the Mall, \$3 Bandfest and DJ Dance Party, Sat., April 8, 9-12 p.m. - bands 12-?? - DJ, Theta Psi Barn on Osteopathy, \$4 or free if walked in AIDS walk. Proceeds will help to bring the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt to Kirksville!

Students Together Educating Peers presents the first in a series of panel discussions: Religion. Tues., April 11, 7 p.m., Centennial Hall Main Lounge. Panel members will discuss the basic tenets and dispel common misconceptions of the represented religions.

Alpha Phi Omega is sponsoring a Red Cross Blood Drive, April 12 & 13, 11 a.m. - 4 p.m., SUB Activities Room

Lambda Chi Alpha presents "Reach the Beach." Sand volleyball, washers, food, music. April 15, From 1

To have your event listed here, check your organizational mailbox for a form. We will not take entries over the phone. Need another form? Call Erin at 627-4797

p.m. and going all day. Dance party at 10 p.m. Lambda Chi Alpha house, 908 S. Osteopathy.

Phi Sigma Pi Coed Softball Slowpitch Tournament, Sat., May 6, 8 a.m.-??, Softball field behind Wal-Mart. \$50 per team. Interested? Contact Michelle Stolin at 665-2472 or 627-2786. Deadline is April 20.

TSU's Men's Lacrosse Team vs. Rolla and University of Iowa. April 8, Noon (Rolla) & 3 p.m. (Iowa), Rugby Field. Come ready to be loud and support your team!

Tau Lambda Sigma, Sigma Gamma Rho and the Women's Resource Center present speaker Jessica Weiner with "Why is this happening to me? Issues affecting you" on April 13, 8 p.m. in Baldwin Hall Auditorium.

The Writer's Block meets every Monday at 9 p.m. in the Writing Center. Join other creative writers as they give and receive feedback. Bring some poetry, drama or fiction of your own or just come to talk about writing.

What would you like to see in *The Monitor*?
What would you like to see removed from *The Monitor*?
What do you love/hate about *The Monitor*?

***The Monitor* invites every member of the campus community to attend our open forum, Tuesday, April 11, 9 p.m., OP 218.**

Here's your chance to discuss your views with *The Monitor* staff.



04 April 2000

Hey Matt,
Never
thought
you'd see
the 20
pager...did
you?
e.h.

letters

Send complaints or praise to the mailbox in the CAOC
or e-mail us at monitortrm@hotmail.com

Got something to say? Write a letter to *The Monitor*. Letters must be typed and signed to be considered for publication.

Ed. note: *The Monitor* did not receive any letters in regard to last issue's *Tweak Your Mind*.

Dr. Davis presented one-sided view

In a letter that appeared in the March 21 edition of *The Monitor*, Professor Adam Davis wrote, "Sometimes we can't argue with something because the arguments we brought to the table now appear, in light of counterarguments, weak, incomplete, or wrong. In that case, the only dignified response is 'I stand corrected.'" While the argument that Davis presents in his letter is neither weak nor wrong, it is in fact incomplete, and so I hope that he will reconsider his one-sided argument and proffer the dignified response that he himself suggests is appropriate.

Professor Davis's letter appears to be a justification for the many Faculty Senate abstentions that the Gay-Lesbian-Bisexual-Transgender Resource Center proposal received. For those who are unaware, in Faculty Senate an abstention functions the same as a "no" vote would. Davis assumes that the primary reason for the abstentions is because the faculty senators were not convinced by the arguments presented by the proponents of the resource center. He writes, "The meaning of the Faculty Senate vote was this: case not proven." This is quite a statement from someone who is obviously unfamiliar with the case in point. To my knowledge, Professor Davis did not attend the Faculty Senate meetings in which the proposal for the GLBT Resource Center was discussed, yet he is willing to assume that a lack of evidence is likely the reason that faculty senators failed to support the proposal. He is granting the faculty senators "the benefit of the doubt," however, he appears unwilling to grant the proponents of the resource center (which he claims to support) the same benefit. Just as he assumes to know what it was that was going through the minds of those who abstained, he also assumes to know what it is the proponents of the proposal were calling for. His lack of involvement in the issue raises questions about any assumptions or explanations Professor Davis might offer.

Professor Davis says that "for what it's worth" he supports the establishment of a GLBT Resource Center. Given that his proclamation of support is limited to a single sentence embedded deeply within what appears to be a defense of the faculty senators' abstentions, more input from him might be necessary before one could truly determine the worth of his support. Davis suggests that the faculty senators who abstained perhaps "lack the rhetorical skills or the insight to articulate" a response. Maybe they do lack such skills. Maybe the process by which faculty senators are elected should emphasize the need for the senators to possess these skills. After all, these people were chosen to be representatives of their divisions. If they lack the rhetorical skills to effectively perform their duties as representatives, then perhaps the selection process for faculty senators should be reevaluated. Granted, issues of sexuality are often difficult to discuss, and many honestly do not know where to begin. It is precisely for reasons such as these that a resource center would prove useful. Making reference to his job as a teacher to help students find the language necessary to express their views, I would ask Professor Davis what he proposes that we do to help faculty senators (as well as others) find the language necessary to be able to discuss these important issues. Until discussion can take place, how can we ever expect to move forward?

Davis also suggests that the proponents of the resource center presented the issue to faculty senators in a way that they might not have liked. He asks such questions as "How was the debate framed at Faculty Senate?" and "What were the

senators given to understand what the issue really was?" Unfortunately, he presents his argument as if he already knows the answers to these questions, when clearly he does not. I fear that Professor Davis has fallen victim to what he himself warns against, and that is the exclusion of legitimate points of view. Had he attempted to learn the answers to the questions posed above, he would have discovered that the proponents of the resource center were asking only that the resolution draft be voted on in principle. A yes vote would not have meant that a resource center would be established, only that the faculty senators recognized the need to address issues of sexuality on campus. The resolution draft was presented based on the models other universities have used (i.e., a resource center); however, the proponents of the resource center have always been willing to discuss other alternatives. The resource center model is only a suggestion as to how these needs might begin to be addressed, and it is a model that has proved successful at other universities. I personally have met with our Vice President of Academic Affairs, our Dean of Student Affairs, as well as others to discuss possible alternatives to a resource center. The important thing is not *how* the needs of GLBT students, faculty, and staff are met; the important thing is that they *are* met.

And to answer the question of whether or not the faculty senators were given adequate information to understand the issue at hand, information was in fact provided. Information on other resource centers was provided, personal testimony from students who have suffered from actual incidents of homophobia on campus was offered, and faculty senators were given phone numbers, Web site addresses, and names of people whom they could reference for further information. Perhaps information such as this will never be enough. Perhaps it is only those who have ever personally experienced the isolation, hatred, fear and prejudice that many GLBT people have faced (and continue to face) that can truly understand what is at stake when these issues fail to be addressed. Faculty senators are lucky if they never arrive at such an understanding through these sorts of experiences; however, to neglect that these things occur and need to be addressed is a lack of responsibility on their behalf, especially since the Diversity Task Force Report has recognized that issues of sexuality are among those that we must continue to address. Davis says that "We all grant that all people deserve a certain degree of respect," that "non-heteros have a pretty tough time of it" and that "gay-bashing is bad." Who exactly is the "we" here? I wish Professor Davis were correct in his assumptions, but unfortunately, there are still those who do not agree with such statements. There are still many who only view GLBT people as "biological errors," pedophiles and/or transmitters of the HIV virus. Through education we can work to abolish these myths.

Finally, in the concluding remarks of his letter, Davis claims that the faculty senators' abstentions were evidence that "the majority simply refused to play along with the terms as set." It is ignorant to suggest that the minority in this case (and perhaps in any case) truly has the advantage of setting the terms of the debate. In fact, I would argue that the proponents of the resource center are at a disadvantage, for it is they who are up against terms that have been set in place for quite some time. I urge Professor Davis to reevaluate his argument and consider the one-sidedness of his views. I have no intention of responding at such length to any other discussions of *how* it is that we debate the issue, but Professor Davis's letter represents a rather one-sided view, and *somebody needed to say it*. Without further action, it does no good to merely

speculate why any of the faculty senators chose to vote the ways they did. If we truly hope to move forward with the issues, we will take the advice offered in a recent column by Matthew Webber and begin to engage in honest discussion. We will no longer postpone important decisions so that we may only engage in safe philosophical or rhetorical discussions. We will recognize the needs of those who will continue to suffer if their needs are not addressed, and we will act.

Jennifer Farris

Don't ignore sexual orientation

Dear *Monitor*,

Even my good acquaintance, with I am usually in major agreement on most issues, English TSU Professor Adam Davis, cannot be permitted to get away, student grade fearfully unchallenged, with such a letter as he penned in the March 21 *Monitor* supposedly in mild "support" only of a PRISM gay and bisexual resource center for new-century TSU and, as he concedes, the wider "community." But, in fact, in inordinate length giving us a rambling, philosophical stunk of a letter: trying to get the "apathetic majority" off his non-voting or voting against PRISM center, "FACULTY SENATE" colleagues off MONITOR and other students wholly justifiable charges of cowardice and failure in unscholarly, unbrave mediocrity to speak up for categorically denied community rights!

In fact struggling thru Adam's wholly uncharacteristically abstract and wafflingly evasive prose, for real solid meaning, I could not help feeling like my British nation's Wellington Duke on the eve of momentous Waterloo battle, that if PRISM has "friends" as weak hearted as self-circularity-arguing Davis, then lord knows I'd prefer the homophobic "enemy." All the more surprising, as Adam in the *Index* letters last fall, was the first to courageously lead the Magruder-disregarded opposition to armed campus "Pinkertons," now all around. And, in *Index* in that letter, he himself criticized for what he called eloquently a culture of craven "apathy" his colleagues for letting such decisions negatively through. uneducationally!

What has changed, now, Dr. Davis and why are you, wholly falsely, implying that what you tendentiously misrepresent as a few "aggressive" pro-PRISM new center "leaflets" (!) were so "intimidating" that even your colleagues' silence, inarticulately, against OPEN PRISM's proposal were, somehow, "legitimate" free speech worthy of grown men? As for the (very!) labored and artificially contrived exercises, in early 1950s Catholic encyclical style "linguistic" apologetics, to, somehow, persuade us that a resource center gay etc. wise is "different" from the TSU and town's existing women's and battered women's centers I am mystified! Especially as ADAM's usual honesty sense appears to have deserted him; when he palliates this region's homophobia and misogyny alike by wickedly saying, trivializingly it, merely, doubtlessly exists!

In short, you do not need to read one thousand paragraphs of convoluted prose in Davis' letter to, soon, read he does not consider either gay/bisexual or transsexual/transgender etc. disposition what he considers a defensible proposition in the categorical sense "right"! Fair enough, that is his prerogative to demur with us about! But those of us who have even blood line relatives openly "gay" should not let casuistry go by: when it tries to defend the evasively indefensible! Namely, a simple request that a taxpayer-supported, public liberal arts campus have located upon it, as UMC does in educational enlightenment and true liberal arts multi-gender provision a center for people diverse from "old" Adam. He can boycott it if he likes, but people can't regarding their human right orientation.

Sincerely,

Larry Iles

Generalizations point to individuals

Dear Truman campus (and Cabell Gathman),

I committed the fallacy of Hasty Generalization. I took a generalization of a few specific cases of religious folk I've known and I applied them to everyone. I was not only hasty, but presumptuous. That automatically means that all the generalizations I've made aren't even true when

applied to single cases! Or does it?

Before I even read this letter from Cabell Gathman, many people I know approached me to tell me about it. "Oh, she did a really good job. It's a nice letter." Well, I don't disagree at all. Cabell correctly identified some fallacious reasoning and exposed me for it. However, I personally don't see how the response was worthwhile.

Gee wiz, I had no idea that ANYONE had ever accepted homosexuality! Wow! I learn something new every day ... Oh, c'mon.

I didn't "assume" that religious belief and evolution are mutually exclusive. The issue was Creation and evolution; not religion in general. Why? Because Christianity seems to have the biggest problem with evolution. Are they mutually exclusive? Not unless you take Creation literally. And, yes, thank you, Cabell; I do realize that some Christians accept evolution. Good for them!

There were no factual errors, Cabell. My facts were fine. The problem was my application of the facts. And generalizations do not imply that a person is closed-minded or that they absolutely refuse to judge people individually, apart from a group. Yet, you accuse me of this.

"... a religious tradition so multi-faceted" Hmmm, this is rather interesting considering how SINGLE-faceted religion was before we stopped killing people for disagreeing with us, accusing our neighbors of witchcraft (do you ever get that one, Cabell?), and the various other things which RELIGION AS A WHOLE did. Oh, wait, I committed another fallacy of reasoning! Oops! If you're thinking that not everyone was crucifying everyone else, you're right. But if you go along with it, you might as well have done it. And I think the PROBLEM is, and always has been, who's DOING IT. We can't solve the problem by ignoring it or by choosing instead to focus primarily upon who is NOT a part of the problem because they are NOT DOING IT (as you seem to want to do).

The issue is the human condition. I haven't met many people who disagree with homosexuality, evolution or various other issues because they knew the facts. In fact, a lot of people specifically disagree with such issues because "religions says so," "my minister says so," "my parents say so," "GOD SAYS SO." Look, I have always stressed education in these matters. If you want to disagree with homosexuality, evolution or even NEO-PAGANISM, that's fine. But have a good reason because opinions are totally worthless when they reflect zero mental activity. And that's ALL I've seen (no generalization there; that's a promise).

I wanted to address those issues as a whole. But maybe I didn't do a good job of that (there's only so many lines in a newspaper). If I spent too much time going over exactly which friends, enemies, lovers, professors, family members and various other people in my life disagreed with which issues, the issue as a whole would never be addressed. I'm all for tolerance -- even though I'm sure no one agrees -- which is why I choose not to tell other people, "Oops, you misspelled Creation; something must be wrong with your argument." I may have committed a fallacy, but it was minor, and whatever arguments I may hold and posit, have not been damaged by this minor error.

Cabell, you seem like a very intelligent individual, and I commend you on your use of reasoning and intellect. However, I fail to see what you accomplished by attacking a few generalizations I made. In addition, I wonder what the purpose was of mentioning that you are a Philosophy and Religion Club member. Should that imply some inherent knowledge or understanding of such topics? Should I fear that, for all the YEARS I spent pouring over books on religion in my spare time out of curiosity and desire for knowledge, I am a fool simply because I am not a member of this group? I don't think so at all. And, if I were you, Cabell, I would be careful what you boast as a badge of honor. Though this isn't your club I'm talking about, some of the most ignorant people I've ever met have been both members of, and regulars to, the Freethinkers here on campus.

Well, perhaps the issue of what exactly I know has come up in some of your minds. I've already argued with quite a few people this year

See LETTERS, page 6



opinions

"If I've got something to say, sir, I'm gonna say it now."

- Phil Ochs

The world deserves something better, beautiful

opinion by | John Nguyen

Have you ever tried to be beautiful and failed?

Let me tell you about aliens.

Aliens are an excuse for people not to achieve. Because people don't want to have the responsibility for being the only intelligent life in the universe. People want to believe that somewhere out there, there is something else. There are other people. There are other worlds, with other societies and other sources of joy. People want to believe that we aren't at the pinnacle of achievement. That there must be something else.

It's not just aliens though. It's movies and books and late night programs with Sally Struthers begging for the lives of the starving. It's easy to make jokes. But it's hard to live life. So we watch these different worlds on our television sets. We hear about these great men and women on the news or in the paper. And we feel relieved. We feel relieved that Mother Theresa is out there helping the sick. We feel relieved that anti-war efforts are finally making some ground. And so we do nothing. And these people that we owe our lives to, they're aliens as well. They're foreigners on a planet full of humans. Humans that want to believe in achievements that are beyond themselves. Humans that want an excuse.

Humans who believe in something else. Something greater. Something they don't have to be.

Let me tell you about something else.

I've seen human beauty. I've seen human beauty that makes my eyes blind and my lips numb. I've seen the beauty that makes men want to die or live forever. I've seen beauty fall from my mother's lips. I've seen beauty on a clear day, with a crimson sky. I've seen beauty that tells me she loves me and I've seen beauty that tells me she'll never leave. I've seen beauty that children radiate. I've seen beauty that ends existence. I have seen the human beauty that

makes me believe.

And you know what? I don't want to believe in aliens. I don't want to believe in another man's beauty. I want to believe in my beauty. I want to believe that my life is beautiful. I don't want a way out, I want a glorification. Praise the temples of humanity. Praise the lost. Praise the desperate. Praise the weak, the hidden. Praise the former, the latter, the all-encompassing. Praise the truth, the goodness, the giving. Praise the living. Praise the beauty that is all around you. It's trying to get in. It's trying to make love to you. It's trying to set you free. It's trying to give you a perfect gift, wrapped in sweet intentions.

It's trying to make you bleed beauty.

But you know what? Sometimes we still fail. Sometimes with all of this beauty around us, we're still jerks or bastards or bitches. Sometimes we can't stand other people, we're impatient, insensitive. Sometimes we don't want to give, we don't want to understand, we don't care about anything but ourselves. Sometimes we want to break things, burn things, ignore things until they die. This is our humanity. This is the price we pay for existence.

It's hard to believe in the world. I mean, it's hard to believe in the fate of billions of people. I know, the world doesn't owe anything to me. The world is not here to meet my needs. The world doesn't exist to make me happy. But I want to believe in the world. I want to believe that we're all going to be okay. I want to believe in the Beauty. Because if I don't, I'm gonna stick a bullet in my brain one of these days. If I don't, then I don't know what the point is.

I think the purpose of life is to inspire more life. I think the purpose of life is to keep other people alive. I think a beautiful world would be an incredible place, because if you think about it, the world doesn't really deserve us the way we are. It deserves something else.

"How can you be Christian and write for *The Monitor*?"

opinion by | Peter Hough

Several people have asked me the same question in the last couple of weeks.

"How can you be a Christian and write for *The Monitor*?"

The answer, really, is quite simple. *The Monitor* is intended to be a public forum to represent those views that do not -- and arguably cannot -- make their way into the few other forms of campus media we have here at Truman. The paper is intended to be professional in its presentation of the issues, but casual enough to allow for creativity, personality and dialogue. Maybe you could think of it as a glorified chat room for those associated with this university. But these are just my own personal opinions. (If you don't like it, why are you reading this section?)

The question I ask myself is, "How can I be a Christian and *not* write for *The Monitor*?"

It is not possible to have a truly open dialogue when certain groups of people on campus voluntarily isolate themselves. We cannot make any headway in our fight for understanding if we continue to keep silent. It's as if some people here are giving the silent treatment to those they disagree with, hoping that ignoring them will make them go away. This is not the way it should be. Nor will it work.

How can people understand me if I don't tell them what I believe and why? How can I understand them if they don't tell me? We will not find truly workable solutions to our problems until we start talking about them. A recent issue of *The Index* had a full page announcement, of sorts, on the back page that was sponsored by several student groups on campus. The page was a vow of commitment to understanding and mutual respect. Building bridges between groups is a good thing, but following through on a commitment to true understanding is better -- and more difficult. All too often the well-meaning "I think I can" train of understanding is unable to climb the mountain of apathy that exists here.

(I would like to take this opportunity to apologize for using such a stupid metaphor. I don't know how it got past the editors. This will not happen again.)

If both apathy and a refusal to communicate openly hurt the cause of understanding, so does the blatant disregard for the feelings and

beliefs of others. This, more than anything else, is the reason why I think *The Monitor's* printing of the "Tweak Your Mind" section last issue was a mistake. This paper -- and just about anything else -- cannot be an effective tool for fostering dialogue if it offends so many of the people it seeks to bring together. An "in your face" style of sharing your beliefs rarely works to move a group of people closer to some semblance of harmony. It may shock some into agreement, but mostly it will push people away from tolerance.

We have the right to speak freely, but we must understand that all our rights should be exercised responsibly. We should not disregard the feelings of others simply because we think they are stupid. But we should also not be so naive as to think that we will never be offended by the things in the world. We are all offensive to each other by the things that we think, do and believe. This paper would get some angry letters if I told you everything I believe. (And it might anyway.) It might also get angry letters if any of the other writers wrote their beliefs in detail.

Actually, this paper will probably not get any letters at all because we seldom do. If you're unhappy with what's in here, write a letter. Or, better still, write for the paper and add your voice to the chorus that reflects who we are as a community -- and we are a community whether you like it or not.

Right now we're taking good steps in the right direction toward true understanding, even though they're baby steps. We need to press on to make this thing work and you -- right there holding this paper -- are an important part of that equation. Take the lead today in moving us toward greater understanding and tolerance. Neither isolate yourself, nor unnecessarily offend others (some offense is natural, after all). You have that responsibility, and if you fail, you fail us all.

(I would like to apologize for the last sentence. It makes it sound like we're all in some space movie and you're the one fixing the reactor core before hostile aliens board the ship and suck out our brains to use as seasoning for their moon rock stew. Or something. Anyway, sorry.)

(I would like to apologize for that stupid joke.)

(And the typo.)

Hey Scruffy, check out these FAC EVENTS!



April
3-8: International Week
8: Men's Lacrosse Game, Rugby Field, Noon (Rolla) & 3 p.m. (U. of Iowa)
9: Women's Lacrosse Game, Rugby Field (time TBA)
9: American Marketing Association, Student Day on the Square
13: TLS/SGR/Women's Resource Center Speaker, 8 p.m., Baldwin Auditorium
16: BSU/GCA, Christ on the Quad, 3-10 p.m. (Waterdeep and Nickel & Dime)
29: Dobson Hall Senate and CMA Squirrel Fest, Dobson Commons (time TBA)



04 April 2000

Groups like the Backstreet Boys defile American culture

opinion by | Tom Palmier

The future is looking rather bleak for America's infamous music culture. A culture that was once founded on truth, change and soul is now based around lies and unethical marketing techniques aimed at young white girls living in Suburbia, USA.

The emergence followed by the complete overthrow of the pop-music scene by these overproduced and love stricken "boy bands" has left America looking rather shallow musically as well as culturally.

The music of a generation defines a generation. Period. And I'll be damned if I'm going to let my generation fall prey to big budget record labels and snobby upper-class executives getting rich off of America's musically ignorant.

Music is, always has been and hopefully always will be the working man's revolution. It's about real life, pain, struggle and triumph. The growing popularity of groups like Backstreet Boys, 98°, Britney Spears, LFO and the like is a grim reminder of America's growing need for greed and fake yuppie bullshit. And I personally would rather just do away with that whole side of corporate America.

This music, if you can call it that, not only defiles music in general but it's bringing American culture down with it. America is free (for the most part), unfettered, and founded on truthful and genuine principles. Sure it has it's problems but we also have a promising collage of ideals and hopeful intentions that have guided us for so long. Somewhere along the way however, we seem to have lost sight of the dreams that America was founded on. The popularity of these untalented marketing tools for monopo-

lizing corporations is the sign that we're drawing close to the point of no return. There is hope for America yet, but the light at the end of the tunnel is only going to grow dimmer while these groups dominate our air-waves.

Some of you are probably thinking, well who cares about America? I'm no nationalist. It doesn't effect me in any way so why should I care?

But let me point out the two fundamental errors in these statements. One: It does effect you because what effects a culture ultimately effects the people that the culture is composed of. Two: When you ignore a problem, it doesn't just go away. To think the other way would be a lazy and conformist attitude toward your environment.

So what happened to our once creative and talent-filled radio and TV stations which used to actually play Good Music? This question must be plaguing you if you've been motivated to read this far into the story.

Giant corporations and big-budget record labels looking to make it rich quick coupled with DJs with hungry pocketbooks is what has happened.

So it all leads back to the ultimate question of: What happened to America? What happened to the America that would stand united against a majority. An America that supported the most talented and creative artists rather than the most produced and marketed. We have slipped from the very principles upon which we were founded. We have gotten to the point where the sound of a cash register ding is more enticing than a well-crafted song. All of these reasons combined is why America has Sold Out.

Bulldog Party urges students to rectify University's problems

opinion by | Christopher Ross

As many of you probably realized by this time, Student Senate elections are coming up. Additionally, most of you have probably been presented with an invasion of campaign propaganda, including that of the Bulldog Party. I know what you're already thinking, "Oh no, not another rhetoric-filled idealist plea for party support." I'm not going to lie to you -- that's exactly what this is. However, the ideals, rhetoric and motivation of the Bulldog Party are unique. Our ideals are exactly what separate us from others involved in Student Senate. But, instead of the same trip down the path of progressive, anti-administration, revolutionary language, I'm going to approach this matter from a different perspective.

The fact is that Truman State University has an excellent reputation outside the University community. Truman is the only "highly selective" public institution in the state of Missouri. Year after year, Truman achieves impressive rankings in *U.S. News and World Report*. For the most part, our campus is beautiful. Many of our extracurricular activities -- the swimming team, the soccer team, the basketball team and the debate team, for instance -- have established a tradition of superb performance. The bottom line is that most people outside of Kirksville think highly of Truman State University.

On the other hand, there are those of us

inside the University community that criticize many aspects of the institution -- a few examples include the inflexible meal plan, the overpriced bookstore, the fact that our scholarship hours are taxed and a questionable commitment to diversity issues. A group of us, known as the Bulldog Party, have even gone so far as to challenge state law and seek a student vote on the Board of Governors -- a partial solution to these many problems. Through almost a whole school year of debate, the Bulldog Party has now finally been able to push Student Senate into officially taking the position in favor of a student vote. It is not hard to see that internally, there is much discontent with the workings of the University.

But instead of denouncing the University because of our problems within, we must strive to directly rectify them. We, as students, must press our interests to the administration. We must yearn for the day that we feel, unquestionably and without hesitation, that the University listens to our opinion and our that our voice shapes University policy. For only in that day, when we as adults have a real part in running our own community, can we truly be proud of the lofty reputation Truman State University has attained and fulfill the promise of a liberal arts education. The Bulldog Party wants nothing more than to achieve the state in which we can be proud of our school without reservation.

Obliterate the shoe factory; limit yard sales and dogs

opinion by | Christopher Mobley

I was delighted to read in the March 30, 2000, issue of the Index that the Kirksville City Council has initiated a new ordinance banning indoor furniture and appliances from being stored outdoors. Now that the Council has demonstrated its dedication to making Kirksville a cleaner, more attractive, more pleasant place to live, it seems most appropriate to suggest other areas for improvement:

1. Shoe Factory. Why doesn't someone obliterate that godforsaken eyesore of an abandoned shoe factory located on West Michigan and South Osteopathy? This monstrosity is not only hideously ugly but also blocks the sun from reaching surrounding homes and buildings. Though it may have sentimental value to some, it's time to just let go and tear it down.

2. The Kirksville Town Crier. Those of you who live on-campus may be unfamiliar with this free, weekly newspaper left on doorsteps all around the city. Frankly, I'm tired of it. I have no interest in buying real estate or used cars, nor do I wish to read about envelope-mailing "business opportunities" for housewives. I used to pick up The Crier and promptly toss it in the recycling bin; since October, I have let the weekly issues accumulate on the doorstep. I would think that the Crier delivery person would have realized by now that *I do not wish to receive any more issues*. Yet every Tuesday afternoon, they arrive.

3. Yard sales. I realize that yard sales are a part of Americana, just like apple pie and old men wearing Osh Kosh overalls with no clothes underneath. That's why I would not dare to advocate their complete suppression. Nevertheless, we must ask ourselves, at what point does a yard sale metamorphose into a perpetual open-air junk storage area? I am thinking of one household in particular. On my way to class, I pass this charming dilapidated home everyday; everyday, except in inclement weather, items are strewn across the yard and a cardboard sign declares "Yard Sale." I wouldn't want to offend anyone, so rather than identifying the exact address, let's just say it's on West Michigan Street, somewhere in the ominous shadow of the afore-

mentioned factory. A general rule of thumb for these people: when the nonworking, mid-70s model Zenith console television has not sold in six months, it is no longer a "used electronics item." It is rubbish and should be disposed of properly.

4. Sidewalks. Those of you who seldom leave campus might be under the false assumption that all sidewalks in Kirksville are ten-foot wide stretches of immaculate concrete or carefully laid brick. In reality, as you move farther away from the Truman-Downtown Square areas, sidewalks are at best in disrepair and at worst simply nonexistent. I live west of campus; there are no sidewalks running east-west. Why should only pedestrians with a north-south trajectory be blessed with the convenience and safety of a sidewalk that stretches longer than one-half a Kirksville block? To walk to campus, I must be wary of lead-footed frat boys driving late-model sports cars and local boys in their large tire equipped Rigs [sic]. I don't wish to be made mincemeat by someone's Goodyears, but lacking sidewalks, the only alternative is that I walk across people's lawns, placing myself and my shoes in the perilous path of dogs and their droppings. Which brings me to my next point...

5. Dogs. Dogs do bark. I understand that. Can't they be taught, however, to know the difference between a harmless pedestrian and a social deviant bent on stealing the '81 Malibu station wagon? Aside from the mere annoyance of loud, vicious, foul-smelling dogs that are at least chained, these beasts are sometimes allowed to run loose. I understand that Kirksville has an ordinance requiring that all dogs be chained and registered. I also see Animal Control patrolling the city on a regular basis, on the lookout for any helpless wildlife to catch in its sadistic snares. Why don't Animal Control officers do something about the hellhounds running amuck in the streets?

With a few simple reforms, including those I have outlined above, I feel certain that Kirksville will become a veritable utopia, right here among the peaceful bovine pastures of Northeast Missouri.

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Dobson Radio celebrates its fourth year of broadcasting

feature by | Loretta Vaughn

Dobson Hall's own unique radio station, Dobson Radio, celebrated its fourth year of existence on St. Patrick's Day. Located on the second floor, Dobson Radio is a self-proclaimed learning environment for students who want to learn a little about being a DJ without being weighed down by intensive training. It is run totally by students who volunteer as DJ's and managers for scholarship hours or just for the experience. Only those in the vicinity of Dobson can pick up the station, which broadcasts on 99.7 FM with 1 to 2 watts of power.

Dobson Radio was first formed in February of 1994 by a group of students interested in radio. After broadcasting to the second floor for a year, the station was disbanded when those students moved out. In 1997, Dobson residents Jeff Bernth, Ryan Brueckman, Mike Heien and Tom Wheatley resolved to bring Dobson Radio back to life. When they read an old university brochure that described Dobson as housing a radio station, they questioned their SA. They gained access to the studio, which was being used as a storage closet. Once inside, they found the old mix board and transmitter alongside broken desks and a tire. The group and their hall director, Aaron Fetro, approached the administration with their request to reinstate the station. Bernth remarked, "We felt Dobson needed something to make it stand out from the other dorms, because we really got the short end of the stick on a lot of things." After getting approval, the station began its broadcasts on March 17, 1997.

Since then, the station has grown tremendously. Initial problems, such as struggling to get a phone line installed and cleaning up the studio, were overcome with the enthusiasm of Dobson's

residents. Students have decorated the walls and door of the small studio, created a tag wall, and helped out with managing and equipment problems. Last year, the station bought a new antenna and CD player with the proceeds from a spaghetti dinner benefit in the hall. Along with their three current CD players and a working sink, they have also added a computer for DJs to use during their shows.

Despite this increase in equipment, Bernth reiterates the goal of the station is to be a fun learning environment. DJs do not need to take any classes or follow many guidelines, although the station does voluntarily use FCC regulations on their broadcasts. DJs choose their own format and provide their own music for shows. Bernth said one of the weirdest DJs the station has had was a student who would play records on an old children's record player with the mic next to it. Bernth also related an odd stunt the radio station itself decided to carry out: "One year, we had a three day weekend, and none of the regular DJs were going to be in. So we decided to play 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida' for the entire weekend. We just stuck the CD in on repeat and played it for three days straight."

Bernth hopes that the station will carry on once he is gone. He is moving off-campus next year and so is seeking a manager to take over. He added that either way "it's been really rewarding, but I hope it continues because I would hate to see all that work go to waste. The station really gives feeling and life to Dobson."

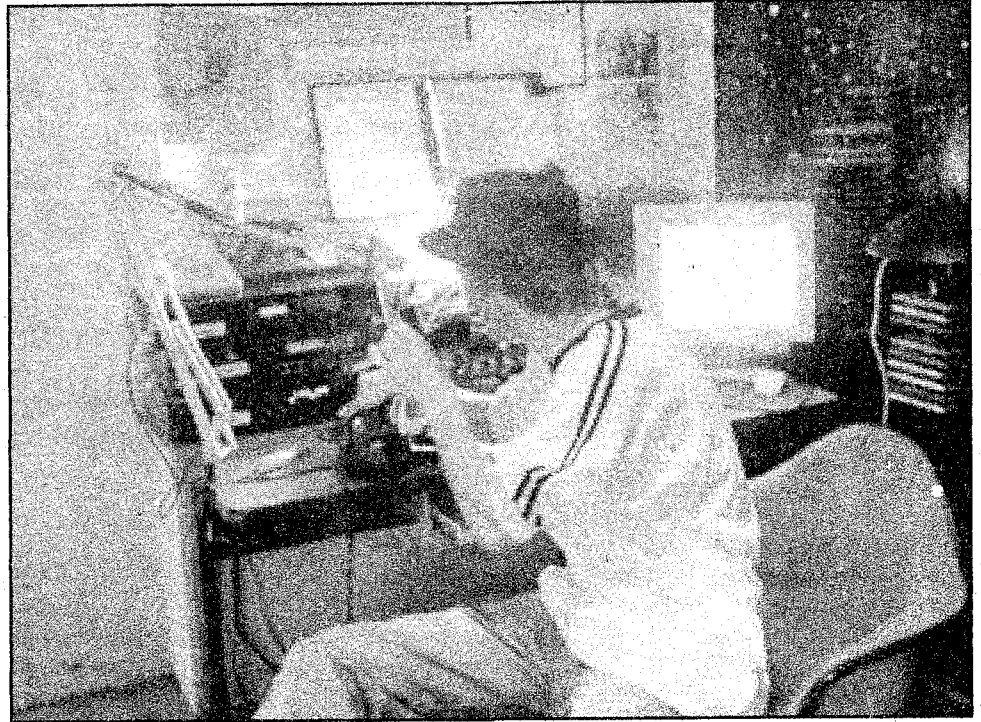


photo by Loretta Vaughn

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TOWN: CUT ME OUT AND
WEAR ME.

AS A RECORDED CITIZEN
OF KIRKSVILLE IN THE
CENSUS 2000 I PROCLAIM MY
HOMETOWN DEDICATION IN MY FOLLOWING
WISTS:

- A: there's down 'a plenty
- B: the largest employer in town is Truman.
- C: there's a good cock fight every night
- D: dinner and DIALYSIS

KALL

LETTERS, from page 3

who claimed that I know nothing. If you wish to chat, you can contact me at thefallensons@hotmail.com, or you can visit me on the network at HERESY ("manifestos" are online but passworded). If you'd like an example of my objectivity and understanding, please visit the FEATURE ARTICLE section at www.freespeech.org/infidelguy/ However, please don't contact me telling me that I think I'm special, perfect, omniscient, or any of that other bullshit that so many of you like to pull when you're looking for someone to harass (I think humanity has crucified enough of its fellow members for minor ideological differences).

Proud of his INDIVIDUALITY,
Christopher Michael Shanahan

Biology major (whoop-di-doo)
student of human nature (aren't we all?)
well-educated in religion et al. (unlike MOST, not all, people)

not claiming his BIOLOGY major as a badge of pride and arrogance because he knows it doesn't necessarily pin him as an expert in it.

April 2000

Celtic band Lenahan rocks

view by | Joe Rothermich

When most music fans hear the term "Celtic rock" they cringe. I admit I had my doubts about Celtic rock as well, but that all changed last week.

The Celtic rock band Lenahan played in Down Under on March 26. The quartet played a packed Down Under for almost three hours. The music was upbeat and energizing.

Lead singer and guitarist Tom Lenahan kept the mood light by talking to the crowd and telling some stories about their songs. He also had some movement as his electric guitar was hooked up to a cordless receiver. During their second set, Tom and bass player Alex came out dressed in kilts to a huge ovation.

The most amazing thing about Lenahan's concert was their versatility. The band did adaptations of blues, reggae, classic rock, modern rock, and ska and punk beats. What makes Lenahan different is that they are able to incorporate traditional Celtic instruments and use traditional Celtic subject matter in their lyrics. Simple and simple, these guys rocked! The only thing that would have made this concert better

would have been a couple pints of Guinness.

You may be asking yourself, what is Celtic rock? Celtic rock, as described by Tom Lenahan, is the use of traditional Celtic instruments (fiddle, bagpipes and bodhran) and traditional Celtic subject matter, combined with modern instruments, such as bass guitar and a trap set.

The ironic thing about this band is that all the members are from (and still live) in New York City. Tom got started in music about 20 years ago and started playing Celtic rock 15 years ago. Tom's musical influences come from a band called Fairpoint Convention, blues and English folk rock. Tom says his favorite band in the United States is Los Lobos. He says Los Lobos does for Spanish rock, what his band does for Celtic rock.

The band has released three albums since 1994, all being critically acclaimed. Their newest album, *Hooligans in Suits*, is currently on sale. You can order CDs through their Web site at www.celtic-rock.com. If you are looking for something that rocks, but want something different than today's music, check these guys out.

Porcupines urinate on, make love to, each other

ory by | Dana Kuhnline

I have developed the habit of sitting at a table full of geeky bio majors at lunch. The kind of major in biology because they think it's cool, not because they want to be doctors. First I equate the pressed synthetic turkey or noodles fantastico or whatever the hell we are going to some obscure biological process that no one cares about. Then we sit around and tell each other bio major jokes and then laugh in geeky fashion. One of the most recent jokes was: "How do porcupines mate?" (Very carefully.) But then I thought, "Wait a minute, how do porcupines mate?" We thought of several creative possibilities, but none of them seemed very likely so I decided to find out and then write a crappy article about it.

Porcupine mating is a complicated and messy process, much like all mating rituals. However, the porcupines appear to enjoy it. Otherwise they wouldn't keep doing it, right? Well anyway, the first thing you should know is that it involves a scandalously large amount of urination. So maybe if you find that offensive you should stop reading.

The female porcupine sits in a tree and

charmingly urinates on it while belting out a mating call for up to three days. This drives the male porcupines wild and they run like mad to the bottom of the tree. This especially excites them because female porcupines only have sex once a year. Which pretty much means that male porcupines only get to have sex once a year. They fight over the female at the bottom of the tree. This I imagine is very painful, but eventually some porcupine wins and the female climbs down from the tree to "congratulate" the winner.

As foreplay, the male urinates on the female. Apparently, she likes this. Then, according to creepy people who sit around and watch porcupines have sex all day, she lifts up her tail, which doesn't have any quills on the bottom of it, and arches it over her back so the male doesn't get pricked. Happily the male has no quills on his belly, so the two are able to "do it" quite safely. A little known fact (that is probably better off little known) is that the male porcupine actually has little barbs on the tip of his penis. Scientists figure these serve to stimulate the female and induce orgasm. Porcupine sex lasts approximately one minute.

The Monitor is seeking a Web master to maintain our newly designed Web site. Applicants must have basic understanding of simple HTML, FTP and stuff like that. Web master must be self-directed, but willing to work with editors' guidelines.

This is an unpaid position. All applicants will be considered. No professional experience necessary.



If you are interested, e-mail The Monitor at monitortrm@hotmail.com or call Erin at 627-4797. All questions welcome.

Radical Group Pushes Topic over The Edge

story by | Tom Palmier

There's a group on campus, one of whose purposes is to try and crack the rigid foundation upon which radio, as we know it, is built. Their name: Invisible Cities. Their mission: to put an end to formats on our campus radio station, 88.7 The Edge.

"We will not rest until the music director is hung by the program director's hands," stated one e-mail by Invisible Cities to the people at KTRM, program director Luke Willman said. The people of KTRM are not taking this issue lightly.

"We have female DJs and staff members all alone in the SUB at night," Willman said. "You just can't say things like that after Columbine and everything else. It's just plain stupidity."

After the members of Invisible Cities realized that sending threatening e-mails to the music director wasn't going to accomplish anything, they resorted to plan B, a petition. A nonviolent, passive but also many times unproductive way of voicing an opinion. Their petition requested three things of KTRM:

1. That requests are given priority over the format.
2. That specialty/variety shows be scheduled during peak hours instead of 11-2 a.m.
3. That they put a list of all their CDs on their Web site (it should be noted that The Edge has willingly done this already).

The petition received over 300 signatures in a little over four hours.

"There's nothing wrong with alternative music, it's just not all there is," Lauren Knowlton, freshman member of Invisible Cities, said.

"Ninety percent of the people we talked to don't even listen to alternative music," Tom Knowlton, brother of Lauren and informal leader of the group, said.

While most would say the people of Invisible Cities have good ideals, the people of KTRM said they are being misunderstood.

"The whole concept behind The Edge is to give students experience with radio," DJ Jared Hurst, host of the Christian Alternative show, said. "Real radio has formats. They [Invisible Cities] are not going to change how radio works."

The way KTRM is set up now, it has formatted shifts on during the day when the

listening population is greatest. Formatted shifts are composed of more "popular," well-known songs. KTRM has specialty shows coming on between 11 and 2 a.m. that play a wide variety of music. This is to try and please the greatest amount of people at the time they most want to listen.

"We feel it brings a sense of closure to the day," Willman said about the specialty shows. "Basically, if you're that 'in need' of specialty type music then you can stay up until 11 p.m. to listen to it. What college student goes to bed before then anyway?"

KTRM exists as an alternative music radio station. Just as there are country, rock, metal and oldie stations, there are alternative radio stations. They all play a specific type of music. You're not going to hear a country song on a metal station or an oldie on a new-age station. 88.7 is an alternative campus radio station, therefore they play alternative music. The specialty shows at night is the station's attempt to add some diversity to the music that is being played during the day.

"I believe our purpose is to provide music to people that they aren't going to find anywhere else," Willman said. And they do; 88.7 The Edge is the only alternative music station to be heard for miles.

The people of Invisible Cities wanted to make it known that they are going to change their tactics but that their mission remains the same.

"I think the people of the station are taking everything too personally," Thomas Knowlton said. "For me, we're attacking an institution. It's all about the music."

Willman disagrees.

"I think we deserve better than anonymous e-mails and behind the back petitions," he said. "We're down there everyday working hard for no other reason than because we love it."

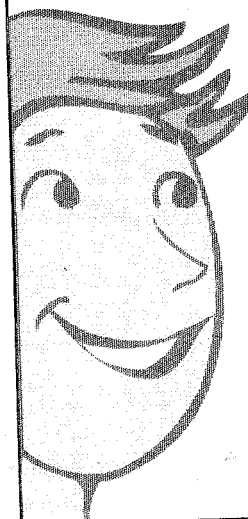
While neither of the groups sees reaching a compromise any time soon, one proposed solution was to implement an all request hour during the day. KTRM however, doesn't feel it receives enough requests to make this a reality.

"If they really want to change something about us (KTRM) than [Invisible Cities] should come talk to us personally or even apply for a position," Willman said.

Have an opinion about something?

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Foot paths demoralize grounds crew

story by | Andy Roberts

On March 7, Diane Pfeifer, Dean of Student Affairs, released a memo that brought up the problem of foot paths that are appearing more and more across campus. The memo stated that the physical plant office is becoming increasingly upset about the situation and turned to Dr. Pfeifer for her assistance to ameliorate dirt paths that cut across the grass in several places.

The body of the memo, which physical plant director Karl Schneider gave to Dr. Pfeifer, contains many statements that may surprise you. Chiefly, the statement that an estimated "100k/year" is spent on turf maintenance. While this figure does include both labor and equipment costs, it still seems shocking.

It seems to me that such an exorbitant amount of money would be better spent in other areas. After all, we are a university, not a botanical garden. Last time I checked, grass grows in the wild for free. Furthermore, most University students I know would be happy with mowed weeds. Seriously, we are the same students who ruined a tree with gum, killed it by cutting it down and then started the process all over again by plastering a nearby tree with even more goo. How can we expect people to care about grass when we are known tree killers?

Another problem pointed out in the memo is that we are a "turf-destroying culture." It states that making dirt paths and ignoring sidewalks on campus is socially acceptable and "no one is confronted about their behavior."

No one is confronted because just about everyone walks across the grass at some point. It is perfectly natural to travel in the straightest line possible, even if that means walking across the grass. Perhaps the University should consider putting new permanent pathways where people are known to walk.

Pathways takes me directly to my next point. If the University is so concerned about the aesthetics of campus, how come none of the pathways match? We have concrete paths, brick paths, asphalt paths and even a gravel path here and there. I really doubt parents of prospective students are going to say, "All these other paths I can handle, but my boy is not going to a school that condones dirt walkways!"

On the topic of aesthetics, has anybody noticed the new toxic waste dump in front of Missouri Hall? What used to be sacred ground containing the five bells of Truman (that's what they are, right?) has been quarantined off by a orange plastic fence. Karl Schneider did tell me that

the fence was only temporary, but couldn't we find a better way to keep people out of this area until the construction is finished? Those low-profile chain ropes that are used at national monuments would be ideal. Not only would it be effective at keeping people out of the area, but it would be non-obtrusive and maybe even make campus look more distinguished.

Probably the best part of the memo was the line "grounds crew is demoralized by disregard for their effort." Please tell me I didn't read that. Life is demoralizing. Yes, it probably sucks to have to watch somebody destroy your work, but that is why the grounds crew gets paid. It's demoralizing when I fail a test, but I can't ask my professor to stop failing me. It is my job as a student to keep working. It is demoralizing to be awakened at 8 a.m. by lawnmowers everyday, but I don't think the grounds crew is going to adjust to my schedule.

I understand that the grounds crew doesn't have the easiest or most rewarding job in the world and I sympathize with them. However, their vocation is to fix the grass, and my vocation is to get to class even if that means occasionally trampling some turf.

Dr. Diane Pfeifer and Karl Schneider were both extremely helpful when I asked them for information on this topic. Both were easy to contact and welcomed suggestions on how students and staff can reach a compromise on the problem of turf destruction.



Monitor file photo

People will always walk on the grass

opinion by | Pat McGowan

If you've walked by Missouri Hall the last week then you probably have had chance to see the orange fences. Not the ones surrounding the construction site of Ophelia Parrish, but those surrounding the bells. This has moved you into a state of ill-tempered thought, the you might share my opinion that the administration needs to grow up.

After conversations with several grounds crew workers I've discovered that the fencing of this area is one of the first actions of the University's new plan to crack down on students walking on the grass. Supposedly, the administration feels it is time to get tough on those of us who choose not to walk on the sidewalks. The majority of these actions will occur next year during Freshman Week when orientation classes will include a lecture on staying off the grass. The administration feels that they plant small seeds into these freshmen they will grow and blossom into sidewalk abiding upperclassmen. If all goes well, when next year's freshman are seniors, there will be no recollection of the times when one could walk anywhere they pleased.

One problem does arise with this program and I'd like us all to say it together (join hands with your neighbor if you wish) PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS GOING TO WALK ON THE GRASS. No matter what you do you cannot change this, though I'm counting on our administration to do whatever is necessary to try. Simplified, what this means is fences everywhere. This way we can stare at our beautifully voluptuous grass as we go about our daily business.

What frightens me the most about these new plans is that staying off the grass includes the Quad. Now does anyone else have a problem with this? Some of my greatest memories of Truman include having classes playing frisbee, reading poetry and even falling asleep on the Quad. I would much rather have a Quad with struggling greens that could sit on than a blooming wonderland could state at through the holes in an orange fence. In fact, I refuse to give up my Quad. The boys upstairs in McClain can attempt to construct this utopia that they feel will give Truman yet another edge in *Money Magazine's* eyes.

If you go to this school, you know the footpaths are a problem, and honestly, I don't have an answer to offer. However, if fencing off and isolating us from our grass the best action?

Hey, University, put paths where students walk

Memo

To: Administration

From: Lori Vaughn

Re: Grass Problems

This beautiful campus of ours has a problem. This is not a surprise to most of us, I'm sure. We all can rattle off a list of

- Land Mines: This is the least effective of the following proposals, simply for the fact that it would only deter a certain group of students (the sheep-like type) from intruding on the grass. Other bolder, more troublesome students would view these randomly placed booby traps as a "challenge" and surely try harder to walk on the grass in a foolish game of Quad roulette. However, this is definitely a blessing in disguise. Not only would we rid the campus of the meddlesome nonconformists, I'm sure after just a few weeks of seeing their friends blown up, those left would quickly switch to walking on the University-installed paths. To save on costs and time, we could simply contract with the Truman ROTC to build enough land mines to coat the entire campus at a rate of say, a land mine every foot or so.

- Deadly Grass: This plan provides a two-fold benefit to the University family. A new variety of grass with needle-sharp blades would

keep even the most leather-soled hippie off our grass. Where does this new strain of grass come from, you ask? Why, our very own beloved biology department! With so many biology students, we would just have to get the word out to a few professors and the news would spread like wildfire through their classes. Students would be clamoring to get in on this project from the beginning. An entirely new lab could even be set up just for it. Either way, we would be sure to have the new grass in time for next semester. The biggest downfall is probably how to manage the smell of rotting squirrel carcasses until the squirrels learn not to use the grass also. This can be addressed later though.

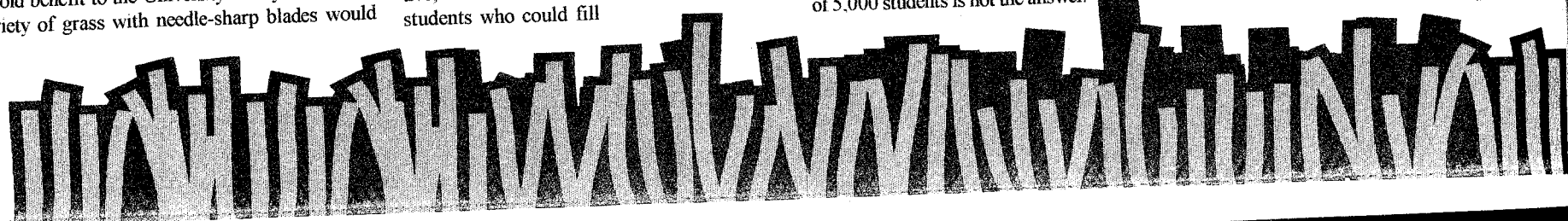
- Snipers: This may seem a little farfetched, but since DPS got guns, this is really only a small step away. After an initial hubbub, I'm sure the students would forget all about it. Essentially, this plan consists of a few really good marksmen armed with high-power rifles in strategically placed areas. Buildings overlooking the Quad, such as OP and the library, and other areas where grass infiltration is a problem, such as Science Hall, would have snipers atop them. Hiring snipers would normally be an expensive endeavor, but once again, we could contract with ROTC for a few of their better riflemen. As a further incentive, we could offer scholarship hours to those students who could fill

this position. The only downside of this plan is the possible demoralization of students, but I doubt this will be a large problem.

- LISTEN!: Yes, this is my only serious plan. Obviously, everything I have written so far has been a joke. But so far, everything the administration has done has seemed like a joke also. A big orange fence? Come on, of course it keeps us from walking across the grass, but does that really solve the problem? It's uglier than what we started with.

Once upon a time, when my mom went to school here, the Quad was just a big square of grass. There were no paved paths running across it. So, the students, in an act of brilliance, decided the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and walked *across* the grass to get from one building to another. Eventually, the university got smart and paved paths.

The application to our current situation is obvious. We, the students, are here at Truman for a reason. We are smart. We know that we will save time by walking certain ways. Perhaps the University should take a cue and actually look at where we walk, and... put paths there! They don't even have to be fancy paved ones, just gravel or mulch. We obviously don't care what it looks like, we're walking on dirt right now. But a continuous uphill battle against a community of 5,000 students is not the answer.





Special Edition

01 April 2000

The Conquistador

A Campus Collective

Truman State University's only source for thorough coverage of classic rock, Scott Baio, whiny opinions and *Monitor* sexual love poetry

Boston descends on Kirksville, Rock-Space City to appear at Dog Days Band Less Than Jake now dead, unable to perform

story by | Jesse Pasley

Less Than Jake, the band originally scheduled to play on April 15 at Truman State University, was confirmed dead last Friday, March 31, when an oversized, plasma-generating rocket engine dropped from the sky onto their Gainesville, Florida home at approximately 3:30 p.m. The initial source of this rocket engine is said to be the engine compartment of the band Boston's UFO-Rock-Space City, as first seen on Boston's first album's cover.

It was after Less Than Jake's demise that SAB then voted to bring Boston to campus in lieu of the original performers.

"It was an obvious choice for us," SAB member, Matthew Firch, said. "Who is better than Boston at rocking the universe? While the obvious answer to that is Styx, we couldn't get them to come here. Besides, Boston has more rocking in space experience, with that UFO-Rock-Space City cruising around the Milky Way and whatnot."

Some students have had more hateful reactions.

"Why, I just can't get enough of the pop-punk-ska sound of Less Than Jake. And Boston took that away from me!" student Judy Padoodle said. "And now SAB wants to bring those killers here? Maybe if they brought Reel Big Fish or the Bosstones, that might have mended my torn heart."

In preparation for their show, Boston landed their UFO-Rock-Space City just west of town on fallow farm land. The landing was viewable from town late Saturday, being that the UFO-Rock-Space City is four times the size of the city of Kirksville. A few lucky students and mule-breeders were lucky enough to view the landing up-close and to see the emergence of Tom Scholz, the leader of Boston, from the craft.

University student, Jack Carlton had much to say about the event.

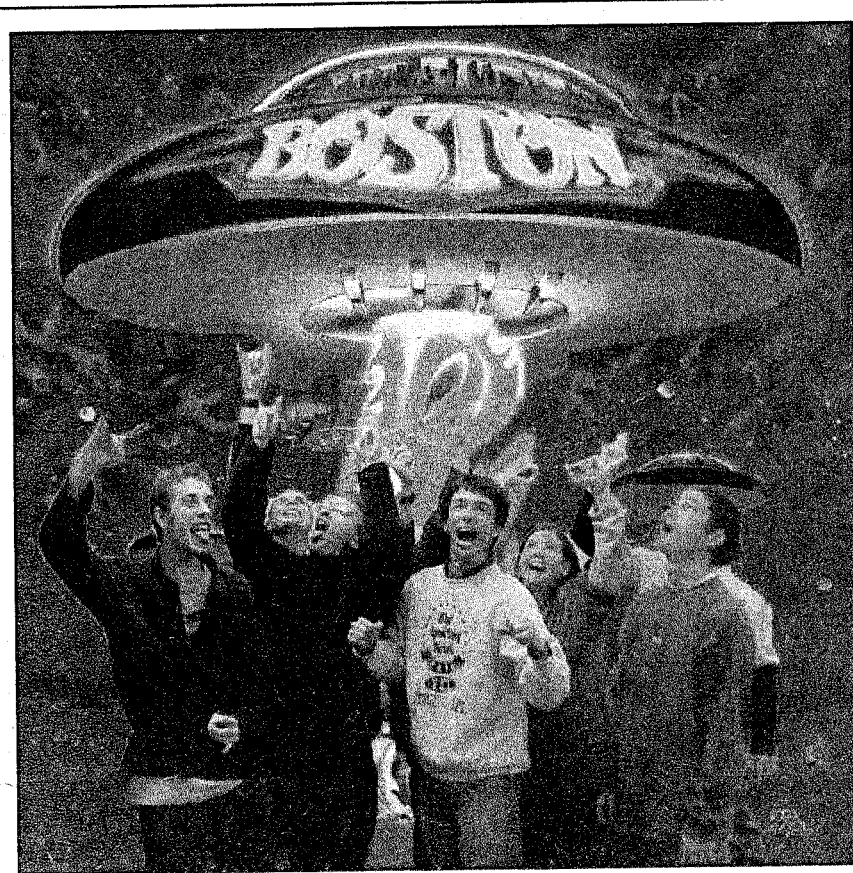


photo by Marie Toeno

Boston will perform for free at Dog Days on April 15 in the McClain parking lot. Prepare for the Rockship that is Boston!

"It was more than a feeling; it was rock! Even though the spaceship's quad-ion engines burnt the fallow farmland to a crisp, probably destroying a poor man's livelihood, it was amazing. And when Tom Scholz came out of the front hatch, he lifted up his hand, pointed to the sky, and a laser came out of his fingertip as the sound of 24-track guitar leads filled the air."

After coming out of the spacecraft, the other members of Boston, in single file, came out of the Rock City as well, after which

followed a procession of all the various alien life forms they had rocked out during their trip through space. Once this was completed, Tom Scholz addressed the crowd (mostly non-human), and said "Uh, yeah, sorry about those Less Than Jake guys. All I have to say is that it pays to have your home in space."

As of print, the FBI, CIA and other government agencies are not in pursuit of Boston for their crimes, because Boston rocks that much.

Quad to be paved in effort to mend parking crisis

story by | Matt Haggans

In a surprise announcement Saturday, campus officials announced that the Quad will be paved over the summer to provide new parking. Trees on the Quad will be removed and sold to the highest bidding lumber company. The new lot is expected to provide over 600 new parking places to ease the campus parking problem.

Campus Planner Doug Winicker, during the announcement, noted several reasons why Truman chose to raze the Quad at this time. First was the enormous cost of keeping the quad's grass healthy, a cost that often runs above \$100,000. Second, and perhaps most importantly, Mr. Winicker wished to solve the campus parking problem once and for all. He said, "I get fifty letters a week from parents complaining that their children can't park within spitting distance of their dorm rooms. Frankly, I'm sick of it. Also, there's some editorial about the need for new parking every single week. Hey, I've got a message for you: you want parking, you got it. Now shut up."

Student reaction ranged from tepid discontent to lethargic apathy.

Sophomore Ronny Bostock commented, "It's about time -- students need to be able to enjoy the convenience of leaving their off-campus residences forty-five seconds before class begins and still finding a place to park."

Bostock continued, "The quad was just a hippie hangout anyway."

A nearby self-proclaimed hippie said, "First of all, where are we going to toss the frisbee? Second, where am I going to let my dog chase squirrels? I'm going home to rest and consume drugs while I consider this."

The new parking will present increased safety concerns, as hundreds of students will need to cross the new parking lot to shuttle between the east and west sides of campus. The danger, of course, is that with so many pedestrians and so many automobiles moving

See QUAD, page 12

C O N T E N T S

Hey hey, rock 'n' roll kids! This is an April Fools insert. Everything is fake. Should you believe anything within these next four pages, people will laugh at you. Worse than that, people might even call you names like "jerkface" or "stupidhead." Pretty bad, huh? Do not attempt to accost *Monitor* staff members for anything you may disagree with. They meant well. Oh, and please don't sue us. We don't have any money anyway.

Interview with a Rock God

The Monitor sits down with Tom Scholz, leader of Boston and chief navigator, rock'n'roller of their UFO-Rock-Space City.

interview by | Jesse Pasley

Monitor: Tom, tell us a little about your life.

Tom Scholz: Well, after receiving my Master's Degree in electrical engineering from MIT and inventing a plethora of electronic musical inventions, I decided to form Boston, the greatest rock band that ever was. I also have 35 patents to my name, did you know that?

M: Nope.

TS: Good, because I did. Anyways, after getting our first record deal, I decided to build the giant UFO-Rock-Space City as seen on our first album's cover.

M: How did you have the resources to build it? Or the technology?

TS: Well, let's just say that I had some help from the Shi'ar empire.

M: Say what?

TS: Hell-Lo! Those guys from the X-Men comic book. Duh! Like I said, me and my band had this huge spaceship and we went around the universe. We rocked every lifeform there ever was. It was great!

M: I noticed that on the first album's cover, there are other

spaceships in the back. Were those yours? And what's the deal with the planet blowing-up in the background.

TS: No, just the spaceship that says "Boston" in cool letters is mine. The one on the right belonged to Elton John. Everybody on that ship called him "Captain Fantastic." And the one on the left belonged to Styx, the only other band that could compare to us. All the other ones further behind mine I couldn't remember to whom those belonged, probably because I smoked a lot of doobie back then. It was fun. Every rock band back then had its own spaceship; I think David Bowie started the whole thing.

M: So what about the exploding planet?

TS: Oh, that. That was Planet Bayou. That's where CCR is from. That was when the Death Star wanted to blow the planet up and we had to rescue all the life on the planet, well, after we rocked them, that is.

M: The Death Star?

TS: Yeah, well, y'know that *Star Wars* is a big, fat lie, right? It wasn't Planet Alderaan they were blowing up, it was Planet Bayou. And we saved the day.

M: Okay, let's change the subject. How do you respond to the charge that you and your spaceship killed the band Less Than Jake?

TS: Oh, I admit, it was me. But what can I do when I'm lugging around these hyper-dimesional power sources around the universe? I can't be held responsible. But because I'm nice, I've decided to donate 100,000 US dollars to Greenpeace, to save the whales. Oh, by the way, when I said US, that meant Universal Spacebucks, because I'm from space.

M: Needless to say, many students are excited about the upcoming Boston concert on campus. Would you like to say anything to them?

TS: Yes, I think would. [Stares at reader] Only you [points finger at reader] can make your rock fantasies come true!



Yo, VANILLA

If there was a problem, yo, I'll solve it.

advice column by | Vanilla Ice

Yo, Vanilla,

Our high school chemistry teacher wants us all to create some sort of project in which the experimental subject (a human subject, no less!) becomes luminous while "flowing" (his words) through the air. Supposedly, this subject will never stop flowing and glowing. The only apparatus he will allow us to use are one microphone, stagelights and one candle.

We have no idea where to begin and the project is worth 50 percent of our grade. Our teacher hasn't given us any type of rubric, practical knowledge relating to this project or advice or help of any sort.

We were thinking of working together on this project; should we? Do you know of any similar successful projects? If you do know of a similar successful project, what happens to the experimental subject? Will the experimental subject continue to flow and glow? Please be specific as to exactly what happens.

Mr. I: s 5th hour chemistry class

All right, stop. Collaborate and listen. Ice is back with a brand new invention. Something grabs a hold of me tightly, (then I) flow like a harpoon daily and nightly. Will it ever stop? Yo, I don't know. Turn off the lights and I glow. To the extreme I rock a mic like a vandal, light up a stage and wax a chump like a candle.

Yo, Vanilla,

I live in Missouri Hall and the people who live in the dormroom below me are always booming their music so loud I can hear it through the floor. I've called them on the phone and told them in person to turn down their music, but these things only caused them to boom their music louder. They boom their music at night and prevent me from getting any sleep.

What can I do to make them turn their music down? And why does my brain feel so numb lately? Would it be some sort of crime for them to turn down their music a little?

A Missouri Hall resident

Dance. Bumrush the speaker that booms. I'm killing your brain like a poisonous mushroom. Deadly, when I play a dope melody. Anything less than the best is a felony.

My boyfriend of eight months always tells me he loves me, but in the same breath he tells me he wants to leave me. I look into his eyes and I can't tell if he's playing or not. I love him and I don't want to leave him, but sometimes I think I should. I really don't know what I should do anymore. His words and his actions confuse me.

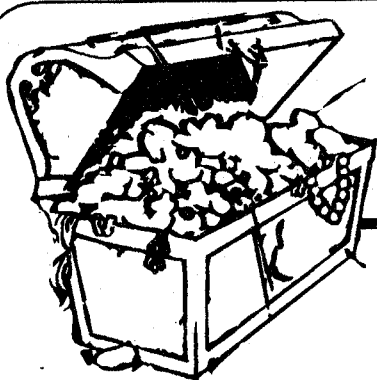
What should I do? Is he only playing when he says these things?

A confused lover

Love it or leave it. You better gain way. You better hit bullseye. The kid don't play.

Did you stop?
The V.I.P.

No, I just drove by.



Kirksville's Hidden Treasures

an on-going series devoted to discovering the wealth of Kirksville

As he hinted at in his hit song, "Beer Barrel Polka," Lawrence had a side to him that not many of his fans ever got to see. So, in the late 80's, as death was approaching, he amassed as many fake Lawrence Welk keepsakes as he could to donate to NDSU. After all, he wasn't so bad as to break every elderly, Eastern European woman's heart. Lawrence just felt that after death he needed some "me time" during which he could really get down.

After donating all the fraudulent pieces to NDSU, Mr. Welk started shipping all his real stuff to the one place he knew it would never be found, the back country of Kirksville, Mo. His dream was nearly fulfilled. All he had to do now was die.

As soon as he died all the plans went into action. His casket was placed on center stage (where else would it be?), surrounded by numerous bow ties, album covers, photos and, most importantly, the silver accordioff he won from the devil. All of Lawrence's money went into hiring back the old performers from his show. Yes, he got the girls in their Sunday dresses to come sing and the men in their polyester to

come and tap dance. His crowning achievement however, was securing the legendary Irene from the old flamingo to act as bouncer. (You all thought she got shut down. Nope. She quit for Welk).

While usually there is hardly even a sparse crowd at the Tomb Casino the place stays in business because of the Welk fortune. This is excellent because the low number of people makes it a great place to take your best gal out on a date.

When I took my girl out to the casino we had a great time playing craps, roulette, blackjack and the slot machines. The performers were old, but man they still had their stuff. In fact, many of them asked if either my girlfriend or I wanted a "private dance." Needless to say I was too scared to try.

The overwhelming polka music did start to wear on me after a while, but what could I do; the bartender makes one hell of a martini. All in all, the Lawrence Welk Tomb Casino and Cocktail Lounge is a great place to spend a night. To get there remember one thing: "just follow the polka..."

feature by | Richard B. Small

If you thought gambling was reserved just for those high rollers on those big pretty boats in the Mississippi you are about to be amazed.

Somewhere between Industrial Road and Thousand Hills State Park, in the midst of a vast forest, lies the Lawrence Welk Tomb Casino and Cocktail Lounge. This is not an easy place to find, but once you're there you won't want to leave. The melodious sounds of polka music will enchant your mind and force you into a never-ending polka dance.

Many thought that when Lawrence Welk died in the early 1990's that all his memorabilia was donated to North Dakota State University. It's true Mr. Welk held an honorary degree from this esteemed university, but he had better plans for his afterlife than sitting around some school. He wanted to party!

Dr. S.G.A. Jones teaches class in a foreign language

story by | Jerry Schirmer

I made a stupid mistake this semester. I decided to take Colonial American Lit with Dr. Srinivasa Gustavus Aminibib Jones. Now, I thought that it might be interesting to go outside of my major somewhat, but this guy is simply ridiculous. First, he gives half of his lectures in Sanskrit, nevermind that he has to translate this colonial language into a dead language in order to speak to us in a language, guaranteeing that no student present will be able to understand the lecture. Even in English, however, the lectures are utterly incomprehensible. First, the guy will switch his accent every five minutes -- German one minute, Arabian the next... talk about some sort of understanding problem.

Then, the guy tries to make some sort of issue about how lazy American students are. I don't know what the complaint is... I might not ever do my reading for class, but that's no issue... if we show up for class, I think that we should be guaranteed at least a B in the class, all of this reading and writing is

secondary, after all. Maybe in his home country (wherever it is...) it is a big deal to do homework and write papers that state coherent points of view, but here, the way I have always seen it is that no work is necessary.

Furthermore, I don't think the guy even understands the English language that well, despite the fact that he teaches the subject. It just seems he looks up all of these massive words in a dictionary and then uses them to create these huge, impressive phrases which no one even begins to understand. Look at his article! Are those even words?!!! If so, what the hell do they mean, because I never have seen them before.

This whole philosophy of lecture and speech where professors just throw huge words and phrases together and hope to sound all important seems ridiculous to me. If I wanted to sound like Don King, I could spend my spare time looking junk up from a thesaurus, too, but guess what? Jerry Schirmer has a life, and maybe Dr. S. G. A. Jones should learn this for once!

Vulgar Mr. Jerry disapprobates Dr. Jones' cogitation with you

opinion by | Dr. Srinivasu Gustavus Aminibib Jones, Professor of Colonial American Literature

I have been very capsized lately by the disapprobation of particular students at this locality. I must say that these lamentations are hypothetical and omitted of ratiocination.

I received that Jerry Schirmer was journalizing a surmise quantity in *The Monitor* surrounding me, and I assured to inscribe a diminutive commentary of my own. I have comprehended Mr. Jerry's article and I urgently pronounce that it's sweepings.

First of all, let me calculate to you about how ill-considered Jerry is. No, that wouldn't be apropos for me to do as a pedagogue at this scholastic coalition. Inaugurally, let me acquaint you with how brilliant I am. I am very poignant. Do not controverse me on the aforementioned, I retain the journal articles to ascertain it. Promptly you will consult my prestige in publicities materializing in the midst of the indigenous chronicles. Therewith you will cognize that I am mesmerizing.

Toward manifestation of how incongruous Jerry is, I inveigle you to scrutinize instan-

taneously to the leftward. Does he signal that a sentence? I enlighten respecting English, and I endure to ventilate to you that it's not. Not altogether. He might as well catapult the declaration "vituperation," by reason of that's what his quantity is. If he would be obtainable at department and recompense mindfulness, he would champion to fabricate passages intercomparable with mine.

Which institutes me to my fourth validity: I will repudiate to embrace each and every English probation to apprise if I am crack-jerk at fluent fastidious phraseology. Suffer this elucidation to be my inspection. I'll jeopardize that you squalid subscribers cannot verily cognize what I'm aphorisming midway the duration, you're accordingly vulgar. If you're anything undifferentiated from Jerry, you've feasibly even now instigated to kindle you heroin in the company of the distinguished pallid expanse that emerges in this tabloid.

This exclusively certifies element I C. < You undoubtedly retain no conception of what you freshly deliberated, but I'll recount to you that it was wondrous. You should be woebegone that you unrecalled it.

I can no further withstand to cogitate

Backstreet Boys, 'N Sync announce blockbuster trade

story by | Leif Garrett

A joint Backstreet Boys/'N Sync press conference in New York yesterday really gave the groups' millions of screaming teenybopper fans something to scream about. At the conference, management for both boy bands announced a four-singer trade, the repercussions of which continue to ripple through the teenage pop fan community like the aftershocks that follow a 6.8 earthquake.

Unfortunately, due to the sheer volume of the hundreds of teenage girls who were jumping up and down, clapping, screaming, crying, hugging each other and begging their moms to drop them off at the Backstreet Boys' concert and pick them up when it was over, no one at the conference was able to hear which members of what boy band had been traded for each other. Every conference attendee older than 15 is now legally deaf.

Fan reaction to the trade announcement was mixed.

"Oh my God!" Brittany Simpson, 12, screamed. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!"

Simpson continued screaming like a banshee while jumping up and down and clapping. Her hot pink-scrunched ponytail likewise jumped up and down.

"Oh my God!" Jessica Spears, 14, screamed. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!"

Spears waved homemade banners that read: "I love Backstreet! (Especially Kevin!)" and "I love 'N Sync!"

"I, like, totally can't believe this," Mandy Aguilera, 13, cried. "The music industry's, like, totally corrupted and all about money and stuff if they allow things like this to happen. Did I use the word 'corrupted' right? Oh my God, I never used that word before."

Aguilera pouted her lower lip as tears streamed down her acned face. She described the Backstreet Boys as her "absolutely all-time favorite band" and 'N Sync "as my absolutely all-time second-favorite band," failing to realize that by calling them "bands" she was inferring they actually play instruments and write most of the songs they perform.

"I love Nick Carter!" Aguilera added. "He is, like, so totally yummy."

Management for both boy bands later confirmed the following trade: the Backstreet Boys traded Nick Carter and A.J. McLean to 'N Sync for Joey Fatone and Chris Kirkpatrick.

Team members for both boy bands expressed their love and support for their departed teammates and welcomed their new teammates.

"Nick was my best friend on the team," Kevin Richardson of the Backstreet Boys said. "I'm gonna miss looking over at his locker and seeing someone else there in their jockstrap. That's the business part of the 'music business,' I guess. It just shows you how nothing's stable. The game's

changed a lot since the days when singers stayed with one team their whole careers."

"Kirkpatrick had a breakthrough season last year," Justin Timberlake of 'N Sync said. "We finished second to Backstreet in sales and slightly missed the playoffs, but we were all confident that this was gonna be the year we won it all. I thought Chris was gonna be a big part of that. I'm looking forward to playing with Littrell and Carter, though. They're gamers. I still think we can go all the way, even without the scrappy Kirkpatrick."

A teary-eyed Littrell said he cried when the general manager called him with the news he had been traded.

"After he broke the news to me I was totally numb," Littrell said. "He continued to talk for several more minutes, but I really didn't listen to what he said after that."

Littrell had recently purchased a house in the Backstreet Boys' hometown. He had talked in recent interviews of finishing his career there and possibly working for the team in some capacity after he retired. His lifelong dream was to coach a new group of boys who couldn't really sing but looked really pretty dancing in their videos.

Littrell said he would miss the fans the most. "They never booed me, even when I was in a slump," he said. "I'm gonna miss playing for this wonderful record label. I'm looking forward to joining 'N Sync, though. I hope to bring those fans a winner."

Management for Backstreet said the trade was "hard to make, because we really liked Nick and Brian as players. However, they didn't quite fit in the direction we wanted the team to move in. The addition of Joey and Chris from 'N Sync really gives us some physical strength and experience that Nick and Brian didn't have. Heck, Joey's last name is 'Fatone,' which kind of sounds like some kind of Italian mobster's name. We're expecting him to bring a lot of intensity and intimidation to the team. Nothing against Nick and Brian, but they just weren't as scary looking."

Management for 'N Sync explained their reasons for the trade.

"In order to win, we knew we had to be much cuter than Backstreet," 'N Sync's costume designer said. "Every single of issue of *Tiger Beat* magazine recently said we were lacking in that area. The trade brings us two of Backstreet's biggest heartthrobs, and we don't lose too much in the way of sheer cuteness. We'll miss Chris and Joey's singing capabilities, but really, with all that studio technology nowadays, we can get anybody to sound the way we want them to."

Members of the boy band 98 Degrees, who play in the same division as the Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync, said they were satisfied with the team they had and planned on making no changes.

"The team we have is the team we'll have on opening day," one anonymous member of 98 Degrees said.



Kimmy Gibbler



Buddy from Charles in Charge



Balki!

The Hardy Boys almost die!

The Hardy Boys Casefiles No.

24: Scene of the Crime

Franklin W. Dixon

review by | Frankie Dixon

The book I chose for my book report is *The Hardy Boys Casefiles No. 24: Scene of the Crime*. The reason I chose this book is because the author has the same name as me. The author's name is Franklin W. Dixon. He is a great author. He made me turn the pages very fast.

The other reason I chose this book is because the cover looked really cool. There's a girl falling off a roof and two guys who have to catch her. That's what happens in the book. The Hardy Boys are those two guys and the girl's a girl who works on the movie set with them.

The Hardy Boys are working on the movie set too. Some bad guy keeps trying to mess things up. He even tries to kill them and the girl!

He is just going around sabotaging everything. "Sabotage" means "the destruction of property or obstruction of normal operations, as by enemy agents in war." My mom told me that what that means is destroying things. The bad guys in the book are very bad.

I didn't think the Hardy Boys were gonna solve the case. They are good detectives though. Especially since they are kids! They almost died in every chapter. I thought the bad guys were gonna kill them but they always did something to save themselves.

Frank is the smart one and Joe is the athletic one. Joe is always flirting with girls.

This was a really good book. It was exciting. It keeps you guessing. There are some explosions that are really cool to read about. It's cool to see what really happens on a movie set. I plan on reading some of the other Hardy Boys books by Franklin W. Dixon and I think you should too if you like to read about action and excitement.

Read this while standing on your head!



late of the University campus. With its home

A major issue regarding this motion is the

bold statement, and thus, decided to make this

be the first to formally support the band in this

of Kirkville accordingly decided that it would

ing out against the federal government. The city

ment, then it clear that the band is really speak-

in music as plotting against the federal govern-

mean liberated nature, and if you think of hiding

dead wrong to oneself. If you interpret "girl" to

If one were to do this, however, one would be

a song about losing touch with an old girlfriend.

One might infer from that passage that it is

ships away."

a girl I used to know/I closed my eyes and she

I hide in my music, forget the day and/Dream of

for example: "When I'm tired and thinking cold/

following passage from "More Than a Feeling."

ism. This, however, is not the case. Take the

they seem not to have a clear stance on federal-

though their rhythms might be rocking, and

respond with secession to the layperson.

cal, but the Boston trip might not seem to cor-

The first two reasons seem somewhat logi-

rival of Boston on campus.

federal taxation and most interestingly, the ar-

motion: states rights, the desire to be free of

council cited the following as the reasons for its

of legitimate government. The Kirkville city

made is the first that has been done by any level

been quashed, the movement that Kirkville has

secessionist movements in Texas have recently

sion to secede from the Union. Although small

the city of Kirkville has made the bold deci-

in Apartment 100 years ago.

ous decision. Unhappy with the decision made

This weekend, Kirkville made a danger-

story by | Jerry Schirmer

City of Kirkville to secede from the Union

UNBELIEVABLY FALSE

actual fake news from around the world

feature by | Joe Rothermich

The People Newspaper reported that a pack of wild monkeys overran a hospital in Kenya last week. A spokesperson for the police said that the monkeys ran into the hospital through the automatic emergency room doors. The monkeys then wreaked havoc on beds, equipment and snack machines. Though no one was seriously injured in the attack, the hospital's emergency room had to be closed and isolated for zookeepers to tranquilize the monkeys and remove them from the hospital. Police estimated there were between 50 and 75 monkeys involved in the incident. Damages to the hospital are estimated at a cost of \$12,000. An investigation is under way to discover the cause of the animals flocking into

the hospital.

According to *The San Francisco Times*, Allen Harding, a 28-year-old from San Francisco, has filed a lawsuit for \$8,000 against the Clearwater Driving Range. Harding suffered a minor concussion when he was struck in the head by a golf ball. Clearwater's range faces the residential area. The range has sufficient netting to keep balls hit down the range from reaching the area, though there is less netting on the sides where the occasional stray ball may become a danger to persons walking in the area. A spokesperson from Clearwater says they will reconsider the amount of netting on all sides of the range.

Canned peas, mutants survive Kirkville's nuking

story by | JJ Pionke

It has been a year since Kirkville was bombed by agricultural extremists. While the mushroom cloud of a nuclear explosion has long since dissipated, the scorched Earth remains. Yet not everyone has left and indeed many are returning. So what if the ground still glows at night and Wal-Mart has become the last haven of civilization in this community (not that it wasn't already the last haven before the bomb)?

Yes, we all have those warm happy memories of going to Wal-Mart before the bomb and buying canned peas and now we have those glow-in-the-dark memories of going to Wal-Mart and buying canned peas and Geiger counters. The peas are just as edible as they were before that day.

The school still stands partially, Magruder is still in his office, the administrative machine that caused nothing to get done is still there making it ever more impossible for the mutants and humans alike to register for classes, pay those lovely parking fines and try to get any information whatsoever about anything, knowing that even when the forms are filled out correctly in triplicate you may never get the information before you graduate.

Yet Kirkville is a better place because we do glow in the dark. It warms the radioactive heart to know whom the boy next door has three eyes, the professor whom I detested now has a third arm making him more irritable and infinitely more funny as he has not quite worked out how to use it. And the squirrels, while friendly before the bomb, are now as rabid as wolves, forcing students and faculty alike to go armed when they walk from blasted out building to blasted out building.

QUAD, from page 9

about in an enclosed space in the fury of activity between classes, accidents could ensue.

Safety appears to be a low priority, however. Winicker laughed outright at the idea of a pedestrian/bicycle underpass, saying, "I laugh outright at that ideal."

An anonymous Department of Public Safety official said, "If the students, who gave us so much trouble when we decided to arm officers, think we're going to come running when they get clipped by a SUV on the Quad, they've got another thing coming."

Joking aside, it has allowed a whole lot of government money to come into the community allowing us to build a new and improved Pancake City as well as a bigger and better Bank of Kirkville. Not only that, but land prices have skyrocketed as outside developers eager for radioactive land have invaded Kirkville with ideas and wealth.

There are new leaps being made in medicine as the medical community has a great test population on hand to observe the long term effects of radiation and how humans and mutants alike are living together peacefully to make Kirkville a better place.

While there have been some skirmishes between the mutants and the humans, nothing yet has caused the National Guard to become overly concerned. The latest disagreement involved a human telling a mutant that his mother was human, which she wasn't, and the mutant took great offense at this and so started a rather long brawl at the Dukum Inn. Differences aside, the mutants and humans get along rather well, even when they do fight over the canned peas at Wal-Mart.

Finally, while Kirkville is once again starting to thrive and those that perpetrated this horrendous crime in the first place were vaporized along with a whole lot of livestock and townies, the community does live on. Soon after the blast, a farmer returned to his land on the outskirts of Kirkville stating that "I gotta be here when mah girls [cows] come home." It was not pointed out to him that they had been vaporized in a few millionths of a second. Oddities and differences aside, it has been a good year for Kirkville, and it is hopeful that the next will be even better!

Construction is slated to begin the first week of June, and will most likely be completed before the beginning of the Fall 2000 semester. There will be 1200 permits for the new quad lot, which will start at \$75.

Junior Moira Washington noted elatedly, "Now, when I have to go to Pickler at night, I have to park across from Baldwin. In the fall, I'll be willing to pay \$75 or much more for that two to three extra minutes I can spend on library computers pricing spring break airfares on e-Bay."

Deserving actors, undeserving movies win Academy Awards

feature by JJ Pionke

Oscar night. That special night every year where the world gets to see Hollywood giving itself a pat on the back by honoring those they feel are the best. I like the Oscars; I hate that they go on forever with no end in sight at times, but that is besides the point.

Usually I like to see the dresses the women wear; this year they were positively atrocious. That whole ballroom gown thing is just not working. The guys, of course, got away with the standard tuxedo and the women had to be tortured to look like queens. Next year the men should wear the dresses and the women should wear the tuxes.

While there were some recipients of those coveted statuettes that had been stolen but recovered, yet still missing, whose speeches were short and to the point, some of them went on forever so that the audience there and world-wide really wanted to whack them one.

In the end however, I was not happy about what won, what didn't and what wasn't even nominated. I was very disappointed in *The Sixth Sense*. I felt it deserved better and that it was an excellent film that far outshone some of the others there.

While I have not seen *American Beauty*, I am not sure it should have won as many Oscars as it did. I had plenty of opportunities to see the movie, but never found myself interested enough in it to actually watch it. Perhaps that will be my next review. After I watch it and discover whether it is truly bril-

liant or utterly worthless I will let you all know whether or not it truly should have won any of the Oscars it snagged.

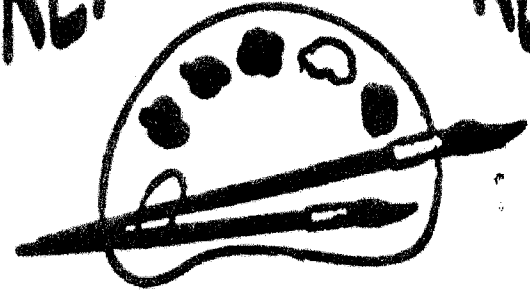
I am immensely satisfied that Hilary Swank, who played the lead in *Boys Don't Cry*, won the Oscar for Best Actress. It is not because I think she is a superb actress but rather that the part that she played in this factual film means a lot to the transgendered community.

I really wish "Blame Canada" from *South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut* would have won for best song. If I hear one more love song from a film that everyone thinks is just divine I will go nuts. Further, why do we give the Best Song Oscar to songs that are so much drivel about love and loss? Why can't the song be silly?

Finally, those of you who know me, know that I love *The Matrix*. I am extremely happy to know it won several "technical" awards, but disappointed it was not even nominated for Best Picture. Considering the choices, I would have given *The Matrix* the Oscar in a second. I liked the concept of the film and further, I think it opens the mind more than those films that were nominated did. Hopefully *The Matrix 2* and *3* will be as good as or better than *1* and likewise I hope they will do better than their predecessor.

So ends another Oscar night, until next year, when Billy Crystal will pull us through by keeping the mood light and funny and perhaps if we are lucky enough, those atrocious dresses will go the way of the dodo.

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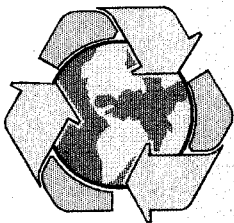
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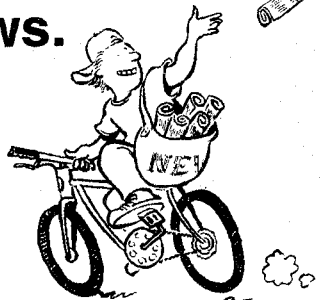
ECO Tip

Now that the weather is nicer, it is more reasonable to consider not driving from here to there. Enjoy the sunshine biking or walking to and from campus and wherever else you may be going. This lets you enjoy the day and helps the Earth cut down on air pollution.



This tip was brought to you by ECO, the Environmental Campus Organization. We meet Thursday evenings at 9 p.m. in Nason 104. Come join us!

Thanks FAC for helping us deliver the news.



Advice from the Afterlife

Deep in the catacombs of Monitor Tower, away from the prying eyes of morality and ethics, unholy Monitor scientists, bound in a pact with pure evil, have opened a supernatural gateway to the Elysian Fields. Through this most unwise action, The Monitor is most pleased to be able to commune with the great thinkers of old and to offer to you, the reader, their sage advice.

This week's supernatural and extremely dead guest is:

JIM JONES



1931-1978

Jim was pretty normal until he became intrigued by Hitler, Stalin and Christian socialism/communalism, which led him to found his "People's Temple" in the 1960s. He built a fairly sizable congregation in the San Francisco area, which he convinced to move to Guyana to live in a communal plot he had constructed. For reasons unknown and methods still debated, Jones and 913 of his followers committed suicide at that Guyana commune, called 'Jonestown,' on November 18, 1978. Some speculate that the bulk of the 913 were murdered, but there is no doubt that Jim knew where to find a good deal on cyanide.

Dear Jim Jones,
Where can I find a good price on a used, low-mileage, high-efficiency automobile?

That's simple! Take twelve parts water, one part sugar and one part liquid cyanide. That automobile will find you.

Dear Jim Jones,
Who's tougher, Jet Li or Jackie Chan?

First of all, they could both humiliate you, even if you are Chuck Norris. Second, I only know them through the movies I've seen, which isn't much to go by, what with movie tricks today and all. Jackie seems to make amusing movies, but also seems to be losing steam as years pass by: I mean, really, a movie with Chris Tucker, who is a poor man's Chris Rock, who is himself a poor man's Eddie Murphy, who is himself a poor man's Richard Pryor? That's pretty low on the totem pole. I don't know Li's work as well, but his name is certainly a lot cooler-sounding and he does his movies solo. You could settle this for yourself if you just drink what I've got here.

Dear Jim Jones,
Courses at Truman require a lot of reading, but I find that the more I read, the less I remember about what I read. Can you recommend a memory-building exercise?

Mega-Memory works pretty well. It's a ten-cassette series that comes with this special bonus of drink mix packets.

Dear Jim Jones,

I just cannot stay awake. I have to wake up early to work my campus job, then have classes, then work some more, then have meetings, then finally get to studying at 9 or 10 at night, and I only get four or five hours of sleep each night if I'm lucky. Should I tough it out or do I need to quit some of my organizations?

The semester has only five weeks more to go, so I'd say tough it out and reconsider your options over the summer. It sounds like you need something to keep you awake during the day, though; here, try this!

Dear Jim Jones,
Most of my friends don't care, but I think the presidential campaign is important. I can't choose between the candidates; both have aspects of their platforms which appeal to me. Whom do you prefer?

It doesn't matter at all. One is the son of a career politician, is a career politician himself, claims to care about campaign finance reform, comes from a Southern state, pretends to give a crap about education, supports vague populist proposals he has no intention of implementing and is currently in the process of soiling himself in a mad dash towards the center of the electorate. The other is a member of the other party. They both hate cigars. OK, who's who? Stumped? By now, wouldn't you rather drink this glass of "water" that I have here rather than suffer through another seven months of uninspired rhetorical posturing? The Constitution forbids such cruel and unusual punishments, and yet euthanasia is illegal. Go figure.

To fish in a fish bowl, human beings are gods

feature by | Loretta Vaughn

I really dig my fish.

I am watching them as I type this. I can watch them from anywhere in my room, see everything they do, from any angle. When I open the drawer with their food in it, they rush over to the corner of the tank in anticipation of being fed... even if I'm just getting out something else. When I come in late at night and flick on my lights, they snap out of their peaceful rest at the bottom of the tank. I think, "If I could read their thoughts, I bet they would be annoyed." When I bump their tank, their entire world shakes. They have no privacy, no way to shut me out of their world. Even if they could, they wouldn't want to. They would die without my feeding, water changing, heater, medicine, etc. They completely depend on me for the stability and conditions of their little world. I basically control their fate. Wait a minute, what have I gotten myself into? I don't think I can handle being a fish god!

I got this tank for my birthday in January. Since I first set it up, in my complete ignorance of fish biology, to now, with my (somewhat) immense knowledge of how to best keep them happy, I have seen the deaths of seven fish and one snail. While I certainly didn't kill them -- in fact, I did everything I could to keep them alive -- I still sometimes feel like I have their blood on my hands. But what's the big deal, really? A fish is \$2.50 tops at KGB Fins & Critters, so what do I care about a few of them not being tough enough to survive?

Because I did have something to do with their deaths. It may have been I didn't research tank cycling enough when I bought my first two fish and they succumbed to the stress of high ammonia. It may have been I left the lid off and the swordtail, which I hadn't learned is a notorious jumper, leaped out of the tank while I was gone. It almost seems funny now, but these are actual animals that do feel actual pain, and I don't want to be so ignorant about their lives. If I put myself in the position

of being their "god," I sure as hell better try to at least act a little bit like it. It's quite a hard and scary realization to make, even though I only do it every once in awhile.

Once, I unplugged the heater overnight on accident. In the morning, the temperature of the tank had dropped five degrees, which is a huge change to easily stressed fish. They couldn't go and plug it back in, or go to a warmer part of the tank, or put on a sweater or build a fire. They had to just suffer. What if our God accidentally unplugged the sun overnight and our temperature plummeted to -500° or whatever it would be? A lot of Earth's people would die, and the rest of us wouldn't really enjoy it either. And there is nothing we could do about it.

Luckily, God won't do that, and luckily, I learned not to unplug the heater again. But what will it be next time? Even though I may be, to them, their little fishy god, I know I'm just me and I'm gonna mess up something sooner or later. So who am I to subject these living creatures to my whimsies and mix-ups, just so I can watch them swim around? Who

am I to give myself this power? Going even larger, look at zoos and amusement parks that use animals: how are we justifying taking them out of the realm of nature, where their lives are governed by powers that don't make mistakes, into ours, where we can accidentally, or even not accidentally, abuse them and cause them pain?

Sometimes, I'm not sure how I can even continue to go about my day with that little bit of nature I try to maintain sitting in my room. The only answer I can come up with? Not thinking about it. Ignorance truly is bliss.

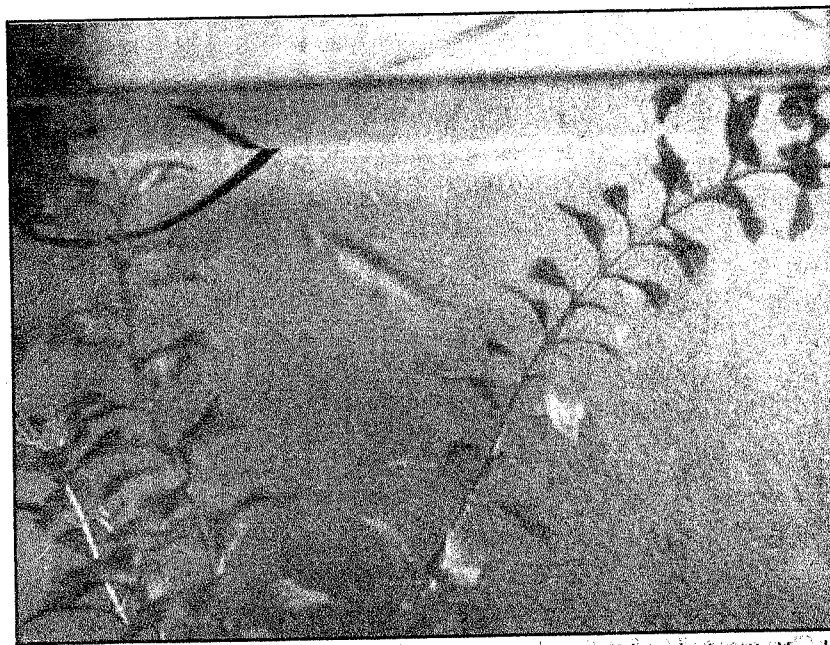


photo by Loretta Vaughn



reviews

music | film | literature

True hip-hop returns *Like Water for Chocolate*

review by | Jonathan Cannon

What is hip-hop? Is it gangsters (er, gangstAS) and thugs, ice and drugs and cash money and pimping hoes? Is it keeping it real and how much love you have for your friends (i.e. peeps, dogs, niggas, et al)? Are these things plus a heavy bass line all that define hip-hop?

At a glance, one might think so. Mainstream rap is chock-full of the Cash Money crews and Ruff Ryders and No Limit Soldiers (pronounced Soul-jas). Hip-hop has become the genre where image is everything and art is nothing. Hip-hop is treated like disposable pop created for the young masses of Suburbia who really, really want to be ghetto (cut to a high school senior driving to school in his mother's Lexus, complete with slick hair, baggy pants and multiple earrings, one hand on the steering wheel, bouncing his head, living the good life; where life ain't nothin' but bitches and money). Acts like The Roots and The Black Eyed Peas, bands trying to bring the energy and organic sound of live instrumentation back to urban music, are few and far between.

Enter *Like Water For Chocolate*, the newest of four albums by Common. This album has set a new precedence for hip-hop, among with last year's very formidable underdogs (The Roots' *Things Fall Apart*, Pharohe Monch's *Internal Affairs* and Mos Def's *Black on Both Sides*). From surprise drums in the spiritual opening track *Time Travelin'* to the relaxed chorus of *A Song For Assata*, hearing *Like Water For Chocolate* is like realizing the culmination of black music, the fusion of bebop jazz and rhythm and blues. He even exchanged his previous use of drum loops and samples for a live band, A Black Girl Named Becky (no, that's actually the band's name).

Common has long been considered by underground circles as one of the greatest emcees of



all time. In *Like Water for Chocolate*, every bit of talent shines. "The Light" is like a musical love letter: "It's important/ we communicate/ An' tune the Fate of this union to the right

pitch/I never call you my bitch, or even my boo/ there's so much in a name and so much more in you." "A Film called (Pimp)" is a smooth lyrical battle with MC Lyte (who hasn't had a better flow in years), a subtle homage to the Positive K days ("Excuse me, miss..." "No, I'm not havin' it"). As well, Common works with other living legends of hip-hop, Black Thought and Rahzel from the Roots, Mos Def, Cee-Lo of Goodie Mob and Slum Village.

All this along with the funniest skit I've ever heard.

But the true beauty of *Like Water for Chocolate* is the music. Aside from Common's band, much of the album features the Soulquarians, a team composed of The Roots' drummer Questlove, D'angelo, pianist James Poyser and producer Jay Dee. The track "Cold Blooded" is a flawless blend of Roy Hargrove's trumpet (interpolating my personal favorite Parliament jam, "Funkin' for Fun"), hard drums, and claps. And "Ghetto Heaven Part Two," homage to the Family Stone classic, opens with an unbelievable layering of D'angelo's whispered vocals with keys and harps culminating in a powerful snare.

This album is a work of art. If you love music, you will not be disappointed.

Cat Power makes covers her own

Cat Power
The Covers Record
Matador

review by | Erin Huckle

Some people have said that it's no longer the songs themselves that are great, but the performers who make songs great. In earlier days, many different performers could sing the same song, and it would have virtually the same sound and meaning. Whether you agree with this or not, it can be put to the test when a singer performs someone else's song, a.k.a. the cover.

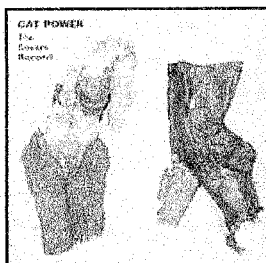
Cat Power's latest album, *The Covers Record*, features covers of the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Lou Reed and many others. Cat Power's Chan Marshall (in fact, the sole mem-

ber of Cat Power) has even decided to cover one of her own songs. But she uses a strange magic that turns the 11 songs that are not hers into her own.

Chan's version of the Rolling Stones' "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" is truly remarkable. She cuts the pace drastically and sings strictly the verses, never even mumbling the words "I can't get no satisfaction" within the song.

The musical side of Cat Power is moody and dark -- simplistic guitar with occasional piano. The music is slow and fragile. Chan's voice is real and unaltered. The clarity of it is calming.

Maybe after *The Covers Record*, I'll agree with those people who say it's all in the performer. Then again, maybe it's just in the power of the song.



Prince Paul has fun with "fricking awesome" MC Paul Barman

MC Paul Barman
It's Very Stimulating
WordSound

review by | Matthew Webber

If you asked a group of knowledgeable hip-hop fans to list their favorite current producers, most of them probably would include Prince Paul somewhere on their list. He produced two hit albums in 1999, both of them critically acclaimed: his own *A Prince Among Thieves* and his joint project with Dan Nakamura, Handsome Boy Modeling School's *So... How's Your Girl?* Add to that his groundbreaking work with Stetasonic and De La Soul, and Prince Paul's discography becomes infinitely more interesting, creative and varied than those of other talented producers like Dr. Dre or Swizz Beats.

Prince Paul's genius lies in his ability to chop up samples and beats to the nth-power and splice them together so perfectly you can't ever imagine he took them from different sources in the first place. His music can complement any style of rap, from XZibit's growl to Big Daddy Kane's cool to... the pleasantly geeky spiel of a previously undiscovered white boy.

In *It's Very Stimulating*'s first track, a voice asks, "Who's this guy that looks like Goldilocks?" It's MC Paul Barman, Prince Paul's latest project, an underground white rapper whose voice (of course) perfectly fits Prince Paul's beats.

From there, MC Paul Barman goes to explain how he's "The Joy of Your World." Later, he raps how "I'm Fricking Awesome." These titles alone demonstrate how different Paul Barman is from your favorite radio-friendly MC. But to label him "different" labels him a novelty, and MC Paul Barman is much too talented for that. He's fricking awesome, indeed.

His flow is unlike any I've ever heard,

both in its high-pitched geeky whine (take that as a compliment) and in its amazing mid-phrase rhyme scheme that drops unique popular culture references where they've never been before. He's the only MC I've ever heard who references Garfield's cute friend Nermal, Lacoste alligators and making anti-choice grannies' panties moist.

I guarantee you've never heard lyrics like these on any radio station that doesn't broadcast from a college campus. (You've probably never heard them on KTRM, either.) "No chance for romance/If I have to wear condoms/ 'Cause they feel like snowpants/I couldn't stay calm because/She revealed a bra/Made of two yarmulkes." Or: "I was walking down the street looking at boobs, asses, faces/Went in the Salvation Army for some used glasses cases." (There is so much clever wordplay on this too-short EP. I wonder if I chose the right lyrics to highlight.)

He wallows in his middle class, New England upbringing, relishing his background and



depicting it with the precision of a digital camera. He's as funny as, if not funnier than, Eminem, without Slim Shady's tales of baby's mamma violence. He's as pop-culture savvy as, if not

more so than, the Beastie Boys, without their wordy spiritual leanings.

But the most amazing thing about MC Paul Barman is how relaxed he sounds. From the first listen, it's obvious he's not rapping because of riches but because he simply loves it. In contrast to so many other MCs, he actually sounds like he's having fun. That fact, by itself, proves the album title to be correct.

Smith and Mighty keep the listener guessing

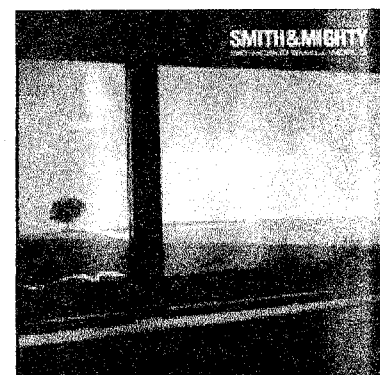
Smith and Mighty
Big World Small World
STUDIO K7

review by | Kim Schultz

Rob Smith and Ray Mighty's latest album is hard to describe. Imagine the haunting rhythms and bass lines of Portishead or Massive Attack mixed with reggae-like vocals. The music's beat is hard-hitting, but the addition of strings and the occasional plink of a piano keep the listener guessing. Each track fades into the next one, giving the impression of one continuous experience.

This album contains eleven tracks and six different male and female solo vocalists, so you can imagine its vast array of musical elements. The highlight is "Same" featuring Tammy Payne. The soft, underlying layout partially engulfs Payne's voice so that the line between music and voice is almost entirely blurred. The voice's priority over the music is definitely a mastered technique of this album.

Smith and Mighty have been called the pioneers of trip-hop, but the electro-dub of *Big World Small World* has more of an upbeat feel to it than anything



and is far from predictable. It is completely unfair to try to categorize this music; it spans such a wide audience that the attempt would be futile. It took me a couple of listens to get used to this album, but I've found that my current favorite albums all started out this way. With each listen, new elements are discovered, which keeps the interest alive. The search for something different ends here: *Big World Small World*'s mix of styles is sure to become a classic.

Come out and meet the candidates for Student Senate

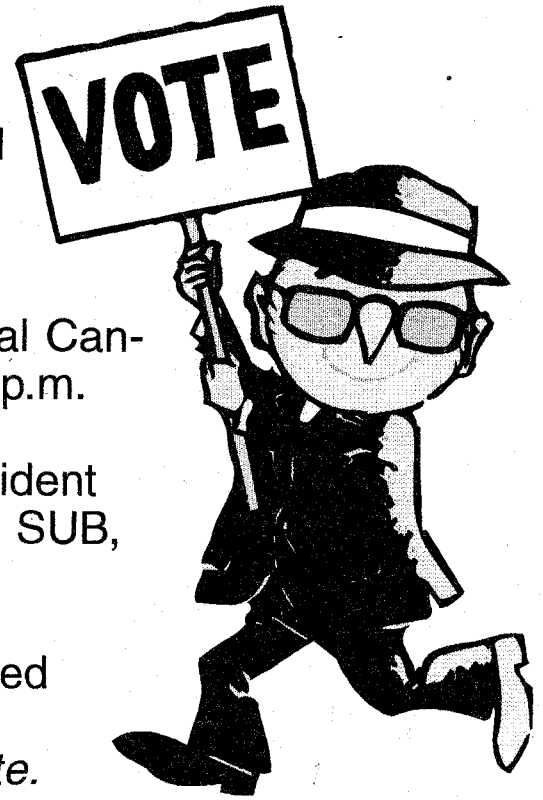
Tuesday, April 4: Meet the Candidates at Centennial Hall Main Lounge from 8 – 9 p.m.

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Contact Student Senate for any questions. Office located lower level of the SUB. Phone: x4193, and e-mail senate@truman.edu, or <http://www2.truman.edu/senate>.



Diary from Women on the Edge conference I like

story by | JJPionke

So here it is, a week after the women's conference, and I am still not sure what I want to say! I ask myself, what is there to say? As the technical person, attendee and a presenter myself, I find myself wondering what I should talk about. So I guess I will talk a little about all three.

As a presenter it was interesting to be up there talking to about 20 people. I was really nervous, but I loved my topic, the discontinued television show *Babylon 5*. I was presenting on why the character of Delenn was a hero for women in the new millennium. I found I had a whole battalion of butterflies doing drill through my guts before I got up there, but when I finally did get up there I was OK. Since this was the first time I had presented anything outside of class, you can understand why I was nervous, especially with the keynote speaker, Mary Rogers, there! However, in the end, everyone said I did a great job not only speaking but presenting, which was good because with my lisp I was worried that people would not understand a word I said!

Now that I have your attention, for those of you who missed the women's conference this year, the conference was all about feminism.

In fact, the conference was about the many faces of feminism. Questions were asked: Who are feminists? Why are feminists? What do they do? And other perhaps somewhat more disturbing questions: What is gender? What do we think about gender? What makes gender, or anything else for that matter, transgressive?

We did not find the answers to all of these questions, but we came up with some good ideas! Perhaps some of the most startling or at least thought provoking ideas came from Mary Rogers. I would not say she is your average feminist. In fact, the image that came to mind as I listened to her address

was "enraged Earth Mother on a mission!" I asked if I could say that about her before it was printed here and she just laughed, loving the idea of it.

Her book, *Barbie Culture*, deals with how Barbie has made our culture static and dynamic all at the same time. The book was written more from a sociologist's standpoint than from a feminist's point of view. She has come a long way since writing that. It seems she has morphed into a woman on the mission of ecofeminism, which I think is a good thing. We need more people to speak up about being good to the earth and connecting that goodness to everything else, our theories, actions, thoughts, words, souls.

Rogers talked about how we are all connected and that everything matters and that this was a startling thought for her. I've known that for a while now, we are connected together in ways that people don't really understand and all of it matters.

She made other points as well, that gender is not just about gender, consume less and more mindfully, be a local consumer vs. a materialistic zombie and many other one-liners that I find are true. She is right, we do need to take responsibility for the world, because if we don't, who will? Ecofeminism is not just about tree hugging and it is not just for women, it is about changing the way we think and including everyone, men and women, and all races, ages and abilities into the mix.

She talked about how the ecofeminism movement is sort of an underground thing; it is happening all around us and no one notices, especially academia. We have to change that, not only by getting academia to write about it, but also by getting the word out that women and men do not have to be in the proverbial closet about their ecofeminism!

While I could go on at some length about ecofeminism, I won't. (I heard that collective sigh of

relief!) So while I would love to write more about this subject and the delightful Mary Rogers, I shall move on. My final words on her and her address are only that I am honored to have met her and to have been able to talk with her about a little of everything.

As the technical person for the conference, I found myself challenged. While most of the presentations were low-tech or no-tech, some were pretty high-tech nonetheless, including my own. I used Powerpoint as well as some video and I was not the only one. For me, the little extra's at least in my presentation added to it, in fact I would say that all of those who used overheads, video or Powerpoint did a better job on average just because they had something to keep the audience's eyes occupied. Being the tech person meant I had to be at every presentation, which meant I was an attendee as well.

All the presentations, even the ones that did not really interest me or I did not understand were still superb nonetheless. Some of them made us laugh uproariously and some of them made us cry. We heard the voices of women that we might not have heard if it were not for this conference. While I could focus on this or that presentation, I would rather say that overall each and every presentation made me think about issues related to feminism. So by the end of the conference I was asking myself: Why am I a feminist? and What does feminism mean to me?

Perhaps the most important thing I learned from the whole experience was that no matter what happens to us in the real world we must remember why we are doing what we do as well as to approach the crises that we face with a large measure of humor. For when we, the young feminists at this university and worldwide become mid-life feminists, it is we who will be passing on the torch of feminism. And who wants to be so serious in their cause that they forget what they are fighting for in the first place?

crackers

story by | Dana Kuhnline

I went home last week. I brought back a box of saltine crackers and ate all of them but one bag in a day. I think my roommate thinks I am insane. I explained to her that I like crackers. I said that I like crackers a lot.

She said she had gathered that. She said that when she was little her mom made her eat crackers after she puked. I said, yeah they're great for that too. I didn't realize till today that she probably was really saying that crackers remind her of barf. So she probably thought it was pretty gross that I would eat 120 of them in one sitting. I have 40 crackers left. I was trying to ration them out but now that the package is open, there's no hope. This bag is the best; unknowingly I saved the best for last. They are extra salty. Sometimes I like to put six in my mouth at once and crunch until they are a fine paste, and then swallow. That's the best. But it's kind of a waste of individual cracker appreciation, especially when you are on rations, so for these last 40 I think I will put four in my mouth and pretend it is six even though the effect is not quite as impressive. The better thing about four though is that if you breathe out of your mouth, then cracker crumbs fly out like mad everywhere and you look pretty silly, but if there are only four then not as much flies out as with six. Also if something makes you laugh when you have six crackers in your mouth, that is pretty dangerous. I think my roommate also thinks it is weird that whenever I eat crackers I get crumbs all over my shirt.

Maybe she understands.



Come out and vote for
**“A new century of
student leadership”**

Vote student senate
Thursday, April 13 and
Friday, April 14

**Lower level of the Student
Union Building**

From 9:30 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.

Remember to bring your student ID.

Come out and vote!

Contact Student Senate for any questions. Office located lower level
of the SUB. Phone: x4193, and e-mail senate@truman.edu,
or <http://www2.truman.edu/senate>.

UNBELIEVABLY TRUE

actual news from around the world

feature by | Joe Rothermich

The Golden Raspberry Foundation announced their winners for the worst in film of 1999 last week. Worst Actor of the year goes to Adam Sandler for *Big Daddy*. Worst Actress goes to Heather Donahue for *The Blair Witch Project*. Jar-Jar Binks took home Worst Supporting Actor, for *Star Wars Episode I* and Denise Richards won Worst Supporting Actress for her role in the James Bond film, *The World is not Enough*. The big winner of '99 was *Wild Wild West*, which took home five Golden Raspberries. *Wild Wild West* took the award for Worst Film of the year, Worst Director (Berry Sonnenfeld), Worst Screenplay, Worst Song, and Worst Screen Couple (Kevin Kline and Will Smith). Special Razzies were given out to Pauly Shore for Worst New Actor of the Decade. *Showgirls* won for Worst Film of the 90's. And Sylvester Stallone and Madonna received Razzies for Worst Actor and Actress of the 20th Century. Worst Films of the Century are yet to be determined, but you can help decide. Log onto www.razzies.com and cast your vote for Worst Film of the Century.

The Sao Paulo-Mogi das Cruzes rail line experienced traffic problems early on Tuesday, causing commuters to commit what can be described as "rail rage." After commuters waited between four to five hours for the train to get underway, they stormed off the train and set fire to carriages. A local television station showed helicopter views of all the carriages smoking or in ashes. The train, which cost about \$1.2 million dollars, was completely destroyed.

According to the *Sun Newspaper*, the University of Staffordshire (England) is offering a new course titled "Football Culture." Students who enroll in the course will have the chance to tackle Manchester United superstar David Beckham and write dissertations on his disciplinary records. Professor Ellis Cashmore said Beckham will be studied as part of the course to discover why certain players become fan favorites. The course will look at the cultural importance of Beckham's new haircut and his marriage to Victoria Adams (Posh Spice). Students will also study the impact on Beckham's ejection in a World Cup match against Argentina.

Queen Astra



Let the
stars be
your guide!

Aries (March 21-April 20): Some people have been saying you smell like cat hair and gasoline. You'd better get that fixed.

Taurus (April 21-May 22): It's time to prepare for your dinner with Tom Beringer. Time is money — chop, chop.

Gemini (May 23-June 21): If you've been thinking of joining a convent, remember — no amount of blood money is worth a free ticket into heaven.

Cancer (June 22-July 24): Easy there, Chief. This isn't the Boston Marathon.

Leo (July 25-August 23): It's time to take some time out for yourself. Worrying about fiber optics has been keeping me awake at night too.

Virgo (August 24-September 23): You'll be lucky in love and wealth. That is, if your name starts with the letter J. For the rest of you — hey, not everyone can be so lucky. Live with it.

Libra (September 24-October 23): You're future is

looking bright. And how!

Scorpio (October 24-November 22): Scorpio? It's Australian for beer.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21): Have you been being true to yourself? Much like the Shroud of Turin, your friends wonder if your just a hoax.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20): Find your inner child. The kids, they like the baseball.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19): What's in store for the new Spring fashions? Urban Cowboy — out. Urban Rabbi — in.

Pisces (February 20-March 20): Sock it to me. Sock it to me. Sock it to me.

Queen Astra is desperately seeking a 2000 Marlboro Gear Catalog. Those helping Queen Astra on her cosmic voyage toward a three-person Marlboro tent will receive immeasurable karmic rewards. Please leave the catalog and/or other Marlboro-related inquiries in the Monitor mailbox, CAOC, SUB.



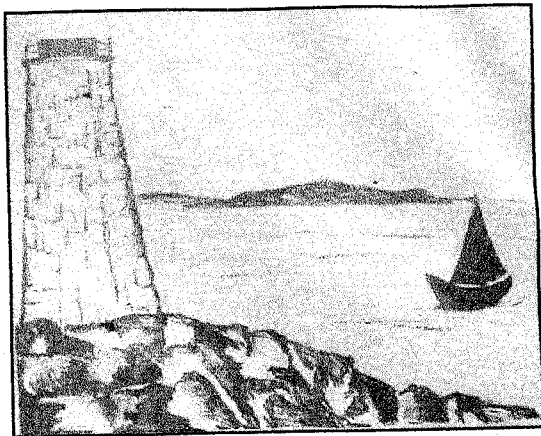
Hey you...yeah, you. Contribute to *The Monitor*. Just drop submissions in our mailbox in the CAOC. Articles, reviews, cartoons, money...whatever. Please put your name and phone number on them. You, too, can be Monitor-famous.



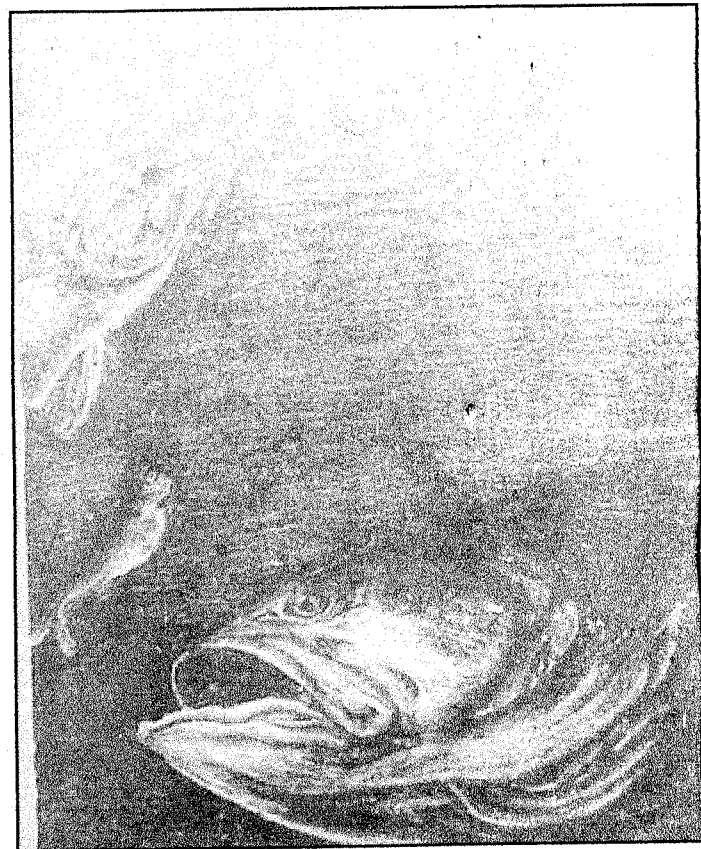
Art Page

Jim Jereb's Printmaking I Class

Prints are displayed on the Third Floor of Baldwin as part of an assignment. All works are matted and framed and a new display goes up every week to week and a half.



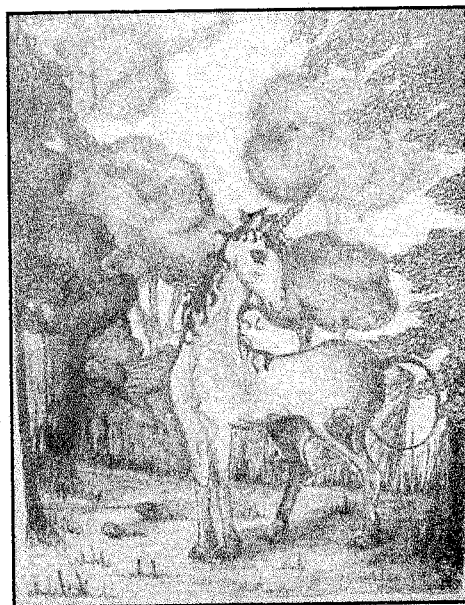
Dusty Folwarczyk
untitled



McKie Martin
"Ambush"



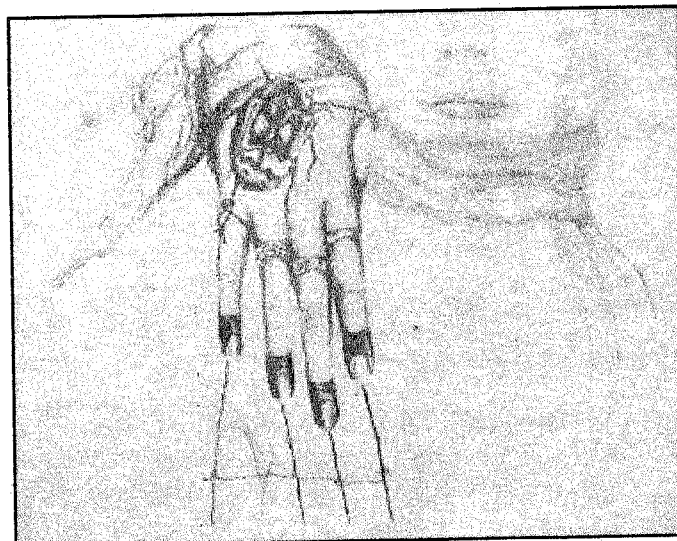
Mimi Kato
"Who are you?"



Julie Krzyzanowski
untitled



Trish Grim
untitled



Megan Wampler
"Black tipped and Bodacious"



Katy Bednarczyk
untitled

My Back Pages...

Catharsis

Random words are all that come,
They can never express
The feelings of heartache and desire
Let alone could they make them less.

If only I knew what it is I want
And how I could achieve it.
But if ever something good happened
I doubt I could believe it.
But now I know I should forget this game
Then behind me I could leave it.

But my wishes are not concrete,
Seem fluid as they slip away
If only love and happiness were tangible
Maybe I could find them someday.

I try to change, to find myself
I start to think of hope as useless
But then again, what else is new,
My life has always been a mess.

—Sarah Welch

The Scientist

I come and go with the breath in my lungs
but you make me
want to stay here beside you.
I want to fill the space between your hands
with my tangled hair.
This lust is chemical,
chemicals like a swarm of insects I offer to you for study.
You know my scientific name;
I want to hear you say it.
I want to be pinned to your wall-
a specimen of a scaled child,
behind your glass with my arms spread.

My numb is body,
and this body is not my temple.
I will stay here though, not for worship
but to wait for you
to find me.

—Megan Wampler

**Only 2 more Monitor
issues left! If you
want your poetry
featured, now is the
time to submit to the
Monitor mailbox in
the CAOC.**

Moonlight poem #2

On Friday nights the town is born,
In bars that swell capacity
and street corners that hold silenced dreams,
In hushed breaths soaked with liquor,
or veins rushing with heroin,
or lungs begging for longer hits of grass.

Tonight the refinery sleeps,
Its bales of smoke rest among the silence
of the night,
Beyond the clouds,
My back turned to the loss.

The highway is silent tonight,
Lost to the wind,
Kerouac's senseless nightmare road.
Soon the bars will be empty,
With breath hot enough
to melt the snow.

Then the town will dream and forget
as drifting snow flacks attach
to car roofs,
low-rent apartments,
and dimly-lit dormitories.

—W.D.E.

God selects his colors for the quiet of the morning,
For the shrinking retreat of night.
Nothing so gaudy as purple twilight's sprawl;
The dawn is merely light embracing light,
The frosted breath of the Creator across the sky;
Perfect, like the inside of a seashell, soon to crumble away
in the dust and heat of another day's downpour of sunshine.

It circles the earth with mildness, the gentlest of caresses,
where cool fingers have brushed with soft magic,
Light upon light...

Therefore do nothing to profane the morning.
Don't talk so loud
And don't say those words...at least, wait
Until the frost is melted from the fields
To let brassy voices clash in the chilly air.

pure misery syndrome

*sharp pains
waves running
down lower stomach to
upper thighs, must breathe deep
to concentrate, hard to look at teacher
pay attention, no, ohhhhhhhh squeeze hands
tighter, tighter, until pain breaks begins
to slip away with pounding
remembrance of stiff
body and slight
chill
must try to
focus on lecture, on
reading Spanish right? I think
that's the class, claaaaasss quick grab
side of desk to ho hoo hool hoooooolld on
to mind slipping, must squeeze pen
to ohhh sweat, cold, eyes can
see again think clock
says 2:20 hope
I can stand.*

—Ann Teresa Miller

Post You

Eyes, sore to the sight of memories
Sit open to darkness
Sting

Hands, contrite, pocketed
Weaved in stale tissue
Cold

Stomach, small and weak
Carries the anxiety of what it used to be
Full

Hair, long
Roots strong, ends frail
Covers the burden on my back
That crooked spine revealed to you only
Each vertebra seeking its own direction
Twisting my ribs
Shorting my breath
Until it crushed my heart

My body, my own
Dead in peace
At last
Post You

—Melis Yaaj